

Snowflakes Falling

by Katyuana

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Summary: Request a one shot with Rise of the Guardians and I'll write it out!

1. Snowflakes

A Crossover Between: Rise of the Guardians and How to Train Your Dragon

Requested by: GingerTyPerior

Fire and Ice

Jack was trapped. And this time, no one was going to help him.

The Guardians certainly weren't, seeing as they were miles away and Pitch wasn't involved to leave scary signs of things like he was fond of doing. No, no enemy had Jack in their clutches. Just a stupid cave that JUST HAD TO COLLAPSE ON HIM. Luckily, he blasted the falling rocks to make a ice roof that prevented the rocks to fall on him; unluckily, this did not stop the other rocks from falling around him. So now he was trapped.

Jack stopped pounding on the rocks; they weren't going to budge. He sank down into the hard ground next to his staff. Being immortal, he wasn't worried about dying of thirst or hunger, just insanity. Echoing caves would offer too many opportunities to talk to himself.

He had just been exploring the cave; he wanted to see if there was bats. Urgh, this tiny pocket of space was so crowded. Jack hated small spaces. Now he was trapped in one. His ice powers were only causing the space to be smaller. If he used them to freeze the rocks, it would only make them solider.

He buried his head in his hands. No one would find him here. Why

would they look in a tiny cave on tiny island? They wouldn't. He was truly trapped.

Then a _pink! _rang softly out. Jack turned to the wall of rocks. Did he hear that? Or was he already losing it?

Ting-tink!

Now he was absolutely sure he heard it. He pressed his ear to a crack in the mass. The sound grew from _pinks! _and _tings! _to _SMASH BAM CRASH!_

The noises were getting increasingly louder and Jack backed away from the wall. It looked like it was rumbling again. Was it another cave in? Please no, one was enough.

A black paw suddenly burst rock wall. Jack yelped; the paw came out of no where. It retracted and scuffling noises emerged from the new hole. More rocks fell of the wall making the little space even smaller.

A catlike face peered out of the new hole. Its eyes were forest green and looking directly at Jack. It grinned oddly at Jack and poked its head in more. Jack tried to push himself against the wall. It was a dragon he realized; dragons were common at this little island. Jack didn't like dragons, they always tried to toast him. Fire always made him feel weak. He put up his arms to defend himself. The dragon snorted. It motioned for Jack it to follow it. Jack stared uncomprehendingly at the creature. It wasn't going to toast him?

The dragon sighed dramatically and moved out of the way best he could in the small space. Jack edged by him, cautious for any sign of flames. He quickly peeked into tunnel created by the dragon and stared openmouthed. The tunnel was ringed by melting rocks. The dragon's powerful flames had blasted its way into the collapsed cave. That was impressive. Jack was now rethinking everything about fire. FIRE JUST SAVED HIS LIFE.

Jack stepped down the tunnel. He frosted the hot ground, cooling it down to a acceptable temperature for his icy feet. Toothless blinked at the frost billowing out from the boy's feet. The fern-like frost spread over the hot tunnel floor. The dragon stepped tentatively on the floor. To his relief, it was cool to the touch. He loved heat but lava like rocks was pushing it.

The odd two walked down the red tunnel. The frost grew over the walls in a beautiful patterns. Once they reached the end, Jack flew up, the wind picking him up. He turned to face the dragon.

"Thank you."

* * *

><p>Hey guys! I'm doing this along with Icy Terror but Im not abandoning it so no worry!

**So how this goes is that you pm me with a request and I write it out. just no extreme romance or malexmale because that is awkward to write for me. **

**pm your requests! Also it doesn't have to how to train your dragon
crossovers that was just the first request.**

2. Don't mess with Mother Nature

What? No requests**? Ah well. Im going to write Mother Nature
things with the guardians. I'm writing** this** on iPhone and not my
laptop until my Internet is fixed so that is why no update on Icy
Terror. That's also why this sucks.**

* * *

><p>It was not under pleasant circumstances that the Guardians met
Mother Nature. Officially anyway.<p>

Sure, there had been the odd meeting every hundred years or so but no
face to face. But they did know about her fiery temper. Her look
changed with the seasons and the season spirits were considered her
children. If you messed with her spirits, you messed with one of the
most powerful beings on the Earth.

The day started out rather normal, but quickly turned odd. North had
called them to the Pole without telling why and soon the room held
three annoyed Guardians. Wait. Three? There were four Guardians
besides North, where was Jack?

"Where iz Jack?" boomed North. Tooth turned from telling her fairies
tooth locations and shrugged at North.

"Before we get to where Snowflake is, mind telling us why_ we're_
here?" asked Bunny, irritated. At this point, Sandy was out cold and
probably wasn't going to wake anytime soon.

"Meetings. We have now meetings to know how other Guardians are
doing. But we need Jack to-"

"Whoa whoa. Hold up there. Meetings? Since when do we have meetings?
We've been fine without them why do we need meetings now?"

"I explain later, first we find Jack."

"Use the Aurora Borealis then."

"Ah! Brilliant Bunny!" North turned away from the group and headed to
the globe room. He quickly shooed the peeking elves away and grabbed
the crystal switch. Giving it a good turn, he pushed it in,
activating to the Lights. Soon Jack would come and then North could
have a proper meeting.

* * *

><p>Mother Nature sat down in her ivy chair. Her long dress was a
soft spring color and her crown was made from snowflakes. Nature's
long hair was held back by Summer sun rays and her long necklace was
crafted from autumn oaks. She was the embodiment of seasons.<p>

She smiled warmly at her family, her spirits. They smiled back. They
considered her their mother and she thought of them as her children.
Jack, her mischievous little winter spirit. Rosana, her sweet spring

spirit. Millie, her playful autumn spirit. Benjy, short for Benjamin, her loving summer spirit.

Rosana loved a simple draped lilac gown. It flowed in her breeze that always accompanied her. Millie loved a soft green sweater and lightly colored leggings. Jack preferred his hoodie with brown leggings. Benjy always chose his sunny T shirt and short pants. None wore shoes for bare feet helped them connect with their element.

All of them were her children. They were a mixup family. But they loved each other nonetheless. Their season's meeting were often the only easy to see all of them together. No one was going to interrupt their timer together. Not even-

"Mom! The Northern Lights! North's calling me!"

"What?"

Mother Nature rushed to the window where Jack was leaned against. The light frost on the window melted away at her anger flame. Jack quickly scrambled away from her heat, his power weakening from the fire. Mother Nature growled at the lights. How dare North call her spirit on the Seasonal Meeting! Turning away from the window, she faced her spirits.

"Let's take a trip to the North Pole."

The four winds each picked up their friends, Jack riding the North wind and Benjy playing on the South. Rosana swirled around the East and Millie laughed on the West. They chased the others around before dizzying themselves and laughing all the more.

Mother Nature followed, needing no wind to aid her. She grinned at the playing spirits. In each others company, they forgot their worries and played like kids again. But she couldn't forget. Because North just had to turn that switch didn't he?

* * *

><p>The doors flew open.<p>

The Guardians winced at the cold air that came in and stiffened at the warm breeze that followed. Sandy woke at the biting wind. Then a slightly cooler breeze before a blast of hot wind hit their faces. Laughter rang out. The Guardians blinked, baffled by the odd winds and the laughter that floated in. Then Jack sped into the room, smiling broadly and laughing harder than ever.

"Ah Jack! We were wondering about-"

Then three more people sped after Jack, laughing as well. Eyes wide, the Guardians were fully ignored by the spirits as they chased one another around the room. The four wind brothers whispered and sang. Giggling, they finally stopped and landed on the floor.

Tooth cleared her throat. "Um, hello!"

Jack and the others cracked up. Between gasps for breath he said, "No need for such formality Tooth!" He stood up and pointed to the kids next to him. They were all relatively the same age as Jack. "These

are my siblings!"

"What?!" Tooth said incredulously. Jack didn't have siblings. Unless...

"Yeah, who did you think does the other seasons?" He meant the other spirits of the seasons. They were like siblings.

The girl in purple was copper skinned, with long light brown hair and was very beautiful. The other girl, dressed in a soft green, had short strawberry blonde hair and seemed more reserved and very pretty as well. The boy, dressed in sun colors, was grinning. He looked like a loud and happy sort of kid.

Bunny stared. "Well why don't you introduce us Jack?"

"Right! Well here's Rosana, the lovely Spirit of Spring." The girl in lilac blushed and waved shyly at the Guardians. She smiled at Bunny and he found himself filled with memories of warm Easters that were just perfect. He smiled back and the young girl blushed even more and turned away, shyer than ever.

"And here is the hot headed Spirit of Summer, Benjy." The boy punched Jack playfully.

"And also, the beautiful Spirit of Autumn, Millie." She laughed at Jack's description and waved as well. A small breeze wafted over the Guardians.

"Don't forget me as well," said Mother Nature from behind the Guardians, making them all jump. She was standing there looking ticked, her foot tapping the floor impatiently. Her spirits' smiles vanished at her look. "I came here to speak with North but I suppose you all ought to since North is bound to forget."

"M-Mother Nature! What surprise!" North said nervously.

"No surprise actually. You see, normally I'd be meeting with my spirits but one of them away called away. And we can't have that. So now I have to conduct my meeting here."

North gulped. "H-h-here?" The spirits were powerful and when all in the same place, could end up destroying the place with out meaning to.

Nature smiled at his awkward talking. Oh yes she was loving this. "Yes. You see, this meeting is very important and we can't have one of us missing. So we all decided to come along. By the way, what was the reason for calling Jack here?"

North mumbled something under his breath. Nature smiled. "What was that?"

"Guardian meeting..." North seemed embarrassed that he had even thought of the idea. As he should be.

Benjy jumped in tentatively. "We could have a double meeting?"

Jack joined in, rather desperate to lighten the mood. "Yeah! We can do that! We'll have a double meeting!"

Mother Nature resisted an eye-roll. She needed to talk with the Guardians alone. "Jack, why don't you show your siblings around the North Pole. I'm sure they would love a tour."

Jack seemed unwilling to leave. "Okay, Mom. Erm, come on guys."

The four spirits floated out, Jack leading the way. Once the last of Rosana's gown had disappeared out the door, Mother Nature turned back to the Guardians. No one interrupts Mother Nature. Accident or not, no one interrupts her.

Ever.

* * *

><p>Jack lay on the rafters. The other spirits lay across the beams as well. They were munching on cookies and smirking at the yetis trying to reach them to regain their cookies.<p>

Benjy grabbed one of the platters of cookies they had sneaked from the yetis. Taking a bite, he said, "So. What do you think Mom's going to do them?"

Jack frowned. "Hopefully not permanent."

Millie laughed. "Yeah I hope she doesn't turn them into dolphins or something."

Jack frosted his cookies over. "I can't really imagine North as a dolphin." The North Wind swirled around him, mussing up his hair. The wind whispered in to Jack's ear. He listened for a moment then laughed. "No dolphins this time guys."

The other groaned in disappointment. But Jack smiled. "But there does seem to be rather colorfully painted Guardians in the Pole."

* * *

><p>oh god this took forever. Auto correct is acting up and I'm getting the oddest things and almost had to entirely rewrite it. Writing this on iPhone was a really bad idea.

**well this was something I just thought up. No requests for anything so I wrote something of my own. **

Okay well. review/request! Katyuana out!

3. Rosana and Jack Get Bunny

Requested by: SongOfTheBirds

Continuation of Don't Mess With Mother Nature

I want to write something with Rosana, spring spirit and Bunny. So, here it is!

* * *

><p>Rosana held the brushes above her head tauntingly, smirking at Bunny below. He attempted to climb the cherry blossom tree. The branches, laden with beautiful pink blossoms, shook under the Pooka's weight.<p>

"Gimme back my brushes you-" Bunny found himself unable to finish his sentence as the East wind blew a large breeze into his face, making him lose his precarious balance. With a yelp, he slipped from the tree and tumbled on the soft grass with a _thump. _

Rosana laughed at the wind's antics. Bunny pushed himself up off the ground and shot a halfhearted glare at the pretty spring spirit. He had been chasing her all over and now finally was in Japan. Hence the cherry blossom field they were now in. Rosana sat down in a puff of blossoms, giggling at the struggling Bunny. Despite the fact that she had dragged Bunny half way across the world, he just couldn't stay mad. She was just so innocent and, let's face it, _adorable._ She was the youngest of the season spirits, almost thirteen, and the sweetest little girl ever.

"Alright, you little anklebiter, just give me my brushes back." Bunny knew this wouldn't work but it was worth a try.

Rosana pretended to consider this before saying softly, "Nope." Her voice was small and gentle, like a new blossom, fresh out of the Earth.

Bunny sighed. Of course. "Right. Erm, before you go flying off, _again, _mind telling me why you've finally stopped here?"

"Jack's idea." Rosana whispered, giggling. While she swung around happily, warning bells rang in Bunny's head. After a misunderstanding between them, this could be Jack's way of revenge.

"Jack's idea, huh?"

"Uh-huh," she mumbled, lying across the pink blossoms.

"Did he say anything about it?" Rosana wasn't the greatest at keeping secrets so maybe he could get a little info about this idea.

Rosana floated down and stayed a little above Bunny's reach. She grinned at him and waved the captured brushes at him again. "Not going to say anything." The wind began to drift the young spirit away.

"Oh no you don't," Bunny muttered before hopping after the spirit. Against his better judgement, he might add. But if this was Jack's idea, he shuddered to think of what could happen to his beloved brushes.

Laughter came from above. Rosana swirled in circles, giggling. Her lilac gown billowed around her. Bunny stopped just under her.

"What's so funny Blossom?"

"The hole you're standing on."

"What?"

Suddenly the ground under Bunny's feet vanished. Yelling, he slipped and slid down the hole. He landed hard on grass.

Grass? Underground?

A foot tapping entered his vision. Gulping, he looked up into the face of Mother Nature.

"What are you doing in my home, Aster?"

Above, he could faintly hear Jack and Rosana laughing.

* * *

><p>I'm really loving Rosana.

**So this wasn't messing with Mother Nature so much as it was don't mess with spirits that can get you back. **

okay well hope you enjoyed this little one shot!

4. You are my family

Requested by SparkleWolf7000

* * *

><p>Bunny quickly painted the delicate flower on the egg. Just a little more and then this beautiful egg would be complete.<p>

Suddenly a sneeze ripped through the once silent peaks. Bunny jumped, almost splashing paint over his egg masterpiece. Another followed and this time Bunny stood up. The sneezes developed in a fit and Bunny was able to follow them to find...

Jack Frost?

Sure enough, the frost child lay on the rocks, sneezing like no tomorrow. When his fit finally subsided, he coughed weakly and sank into the rocks. His staff hung in his grip loosely.

"Oi, Frostbite. You alright there?" Bunny asked. He hopped out and stood over Jack. The boy jumped and hissed an _ow,_ as if moving hurt.

"Oh... It's... you, kanga... roo," Jack rasped, trying to get air. Bunny frowned. Jack's face was flushed and sounded sick. But Guardians don't get sick. But Jack wasn't in top condition and there was no other explanation.

"You don't look so good, mate. In fact, you sound you have a cold." Instinctively, he placed his paw on Jack's forehead. He withdrew it in shock. "Crikey, Jack, you're burning up!"

The winter spirit coughed. "Burns..."

"I've got to get you some medicine, mate." Gathering the limp spirit

in his arms, he tapped his foot and dropped through the hole that appeared. Jack needed help.

* * *

><p>Bunny shivered. His paws were frozen from picking up snow and bringing to back to the Warren. After arriving back at the Warren, he had placed the sick spiriting an extra room in his cottage.<p>

He scooped more snow and placed it on Jack's forehead. The spirit shivered in his sleep. Bunny frowned. The winter spirit shivering at snow? Not a good sign.

Bunny placed more snow, hoping to freeze out the fever that was currently trying to take over Jack. The Pooka was lost at how to cure Jack. Oh MiM, if anything happened to Jack, Mother Nature was going to kill him...

Jack coughed, drawing Bunny away from his thoughts. "Jack! You're awake! How are you feeling?" The spirit blinked at Bunny, his eyes unfocused and glazed.

"Bunny?" The spirit's voice was painfully hoarse.

"Yeah it's me mate. I'm going to give you some medicine alright?"

Jack nodded tiredly and Bunny turned away briefly to grab the tiny bottle. He turned back to the frost child and gave him a small melty medicine tablet. "Here you go, snowflake. This'll make you feel all better _hopefully,"_he added under his breath. Truly, he had no idea if the medicine would work or not. He could just hope. If the medicine didn't work, he'd have to accept his fate and ask Mother Nature. And MiM help him, she would get him this time. Worse then when he accidentally dropped in her house thanks to Rosana and Jack's payback. Really, Rosana had nothing against him but probably just wanted in a prank. Season spirits were great tricksters and-

Soft snores interrupted Bunny's odd train of thought. He glanced down at the sleeping spirit and couldn't help but smile.

* * *

><p>Bunny drifted awake; somehow he had fallen asleep while tending to Jack. His eyes flittered open. He yawned. "Morning? I guess I fell asleep huh?" He reached over with his paw to touch Jack's forehead. His paw dropped on empty blankets an he jolted up. "Jack? Jack? Where'd you go?" Bunny stood, panicky. A sick spirit alone was not desirable. Especially one with powers that could freeze over the Warren.<p>

Bunny ran around in his cottage, shouting out for Jack. He eventually made it outside. He ran around in circles. Suddenly his footing slipped out from under him as he landed on his back in snow. A yelp came from under him. Jack poked his head out of his snowdrift, glaring at Bunny.

Bunny relaxed. "Frostbite! I was worri- erm I mean where were you?"

"Sleeping. I woke up here and had no idea how I got here. You were sleeping and snoring-" he laughed at this "- and it was too hot in there so I went outside. Then I took a nap. Then you stepped on me."

"You were sick Frostbite. Found you up in the mountains. How'd you get sick anyway?"

Jack seemed uncomfortable at this. He mumbled, "Deserts."

Bunny stared at him. "What? What were you doing in desert if all places?"

"A dare with the animal spirit. He said I couldn't last an hour in a desert. I told him I'd go two hours."

"Why on earth would you do that?"

"He insulted Millie." Jack muttered, his cheeks a light purple. He had defended his family. Bunny could understand that. He stood out of the snowdrift, wiping the excess snow off his fur.

"Crikey Jack. You'd do that for your sis?"

"Of course. I just did, didn't I?" Fair point. "I would do for anyone of my family."

Bunny was impressed at Jack's devotion. The snowflake had been in bad shape when Bunny had found him and to do that for his family, well, that took an extreme amount of loyalty. "I'm impressed, Snowflake." Bunny started to turn back to his cottage.

"Oh, and Bunny?"

Bunny turned back at the winter spirit. "Yeah Frostbite?"

"I'd do it for you guys too."

* * *

><p>I just can't seem to leave the other season spirits behind. And I wrote most of this at four am. That's how late I was up. And lo and behold, I kept falling asleep all day. And once again, it's one am. Wow I have issues.

Also, most of this got deleted and I had to rewrite it about ten times.

**Thanks for all the requests guys! **

sam2934: I would LOVE to write that but I'm just not familiar enough with the Avenger characters to write about them. I would totally ruin them. So until Im comfortable with them, sorry!

Good news! My Internet comes back tomorrow! Expect a new chapter for Icy Terror soon!

Righty then! Katyuana out!

5. Cupcake's Dream

****Hey everyone! I have no request soooooooooo****

****this is Cupcake's dream that turned into a nightmare. Everyone remember that from the movie? Quick thing: in her dream, its like a normal dream they are not sand in the dream because I think the sand just shows outside people what they are dreaming. This is in Cupcake's POV.****

*** * ***

><p>The unicorn pranced around me. It was much prettier than I had ever imagined. I smiled happily. I petted it, giggling. It nuzzled my face affectionally. I laughed, and the unicorn offered its back to me. Eyes wide, I climbed on to the unicorn.<p>

The unicorn whinnied, and jumped up. It didn't mind me being a bit heavy. I cheered! This was the best! I couldn't remember the last time I smiled so much. Not even when Jamie and the others became friends with me.

The unicorn danced around. I laughed, holding the soft mane in my hands, and my eyes took in the magical glade we were in. This place seemed special, just as special as the unicorn under me. The trees held sparkling leave of the brightest greens. Everything seemed to glow with magic.

The unicorn pranced and I was so happy.

Then the unicorn collapsed. It squealed. I did too. I couldn't understand. What happened? I fell off and knelt by the unicorn. A dark spot was spreading over the white flank. I backed off, scared. The glade was changing too, the leaves vanishing, the magic dimmed and disappeared.

I whirled around, breathing hard. The trees became dark and twisted. The unicorn stopped squealing and was quiet. I looked at it, fearing the worst. I gasped, my eyes wide.

The unicorn was gone. In its place, a dark demon horse snorted at me. The blotted gold in its eyes stared me down. Fear clawed at me, taking over. I whimpered.

The horse reveled in my fear and pawed the ground. I ran blindly, through the spindly tree trunks. The horse chased me.

I was scared.

And the horse knew it.

I could hear someone say faintly, as if far away, "What a pretty little _nightmare!_"

*** * ***

><p>I can't seem to fix the italics so yeah_

**I didn't have any requests and this had been in my mind for a while and no one else has written it so I thought, why not?**

**please give me requests guys! i love writing them and my Internet is back so that is good. Request? Anything just hold off on the crossovers okay? No weird ships. Besides that I'll write your ideas!**

**Cupcake's dream intrigued me and no one else had written it. This was my is long so bye for now! **

6. Best Idea Ever

More Mother Nature and the other season spirit action! Requested by SnowFlower Frost. Sort of. I wanted to write something with them anyway. I can't let go of them. They are too fun!

* * *

><p>After their not-so pleasant meeting with the season spirits and Mother Nature, the Guardians weren't so happy to see them again. Jack decided to prove them wrong.<p>

He called the seasons to his icy home. Millie was the first to arrive. She flew in through the large window. Her wind friend swirled around her and lighted her down on the ice floor. Millie switched her oak staff to her other hand and smoothed down her skirt, then gave Jack a look. Her green eyes were annoyed. "Jack why do you call us? I've got to bring autumn to the U.S. and most of Europe today! This better be importa..."

Jack was grinning at her. His trademark smile melted Millie's anger away and she found herself spluttering. Despite being brother and sister, even she wasn't immune to him. She brushed out her short strawberry hair. "Jack! Don't you smile at me like that!"

The winter spirit laughed at the autumn girl. Then a bird's song drifted in. It was a robin's, soft and sweet. Millie looked out of the large window.

"Rosana's here." The girl in question flitted in, quick as any of her birds. Rosana touched down on the carpeted section that Jack had created just for the warmer spirits. Her cherry blossom staff, topped with a puff of blossoms, was forever blooming. The robin on her staff sang out the last note. Rosana clapped for the little bird. Jack snickered. They had a brief glaring contest before Rosana caved.

"I'm here. Why'd you call us?" Rosana whispered. He voice was always soft no matter what. Jack hovered around her. He replied, "Wait till Benjy gets here and I'll spill."

"So spill." They turned to see Benjy floating in. His maple staff hung from his hand, and he looked bored. _Not for much longer, _thought Jack mischievously.

"You guys remember the last time we saw the Guardians?" The spirits nodded, smirking. "Well, they don't have such fond memories of us so

we have to change that."

"By doing what?" Benjy asked, his eyes lighting up, boredom vanishing and filling with fun.

"By doing what we do best." Jack leaned into them, grinning.
"Pranks."

* * *

><p>Tooth was first.<p>

She was giving orders to her fairies when she spotted Rosana playing around with the off duty fairies. Tooth approached and greeted the spring girl hesitantly. "Hey Rosana. What brings you to the Tooth Palace?" She looked around cautiously. "Is-is your mother here?"

Rosana could've laughed at the fear on Tooth's face. To think that she was so scared of Mom! Suppressing her laughter, she said, "No, no, she's not here."

Tooth looked visibly relieved and Rosana worked to keep a smirk off her face. "Oh, okay then. What are you here for?"

"Ummm..." Rosana started to feel bad for Tooth; she could feel her resolve wavering. Her grass green eyes strayed past the fairy and landed on a certain 'hidden' summer spirit. Benjy waved frantically at her, trying to motion for her continued to distract Tooth. Pulling her eyes back to Tooth, she said, "...um, just was bringing some warmth to south Asia and just thought I'd drop by?"

"Well, it's err, nice to see you, Rosana." Tooth could feel the awkwardness. And her intuition told her that something was up. And not the sky.

That's when Jack and Millie dumped at least three pounds of fluffy snow straight on top of Tooth.

Rosana burst out laughing, rolling around in the air. Her siblings couldn't contain themselves either and burst in laughs and snorts. Tooth just floated slightly there, her violet eyes wide in frozen shock. A tuft of snow remained on her head. Her fairies snickered. Millie, Jack, Benjy and Rosana near fell out of the sky laughing. The spring spirit landed on the tree next to the pond.

They rolled around for a while then managed to control themselves.

"Oh that was priceless!" giggled Millie. Benjy clutched his belly in attempts to control his laughter.

Toothless finally snapped out of her shock with a gasp, the snow falling off at last. "What just happened?"

The spirits began to laugh again.

* * *

><p>Next victim? Bunny.<p>

There was several different ideas offered as to how to mess with the rabbit, but they finally came to a plan of action. Which involved the magic eggs. And normal eggs. This one wouldn't be complicated but required stealth. Millie and Jack were the ones for the job.

Jack and Millie quickly did their part. After they were done, they hid, the spring and summer spirit hiding as well. They were ready.

They just had to wait. But that did not last ten seconds. The young spirits were terribly impatient, don't you know? So, Benjy and Millie lured Bunny back to the Warren, as he obviously wouldn't trust Rosana (or Jack) after the last he followed her.

While the two colder spirits tried to contain their laughter, Bunny hopped suspiciously out of his rabbit holes. His nose twitched, trying to smell intruders.

Bunny walked around his Warren, looking around for any sign of anything wrong. He couldn't _see _anything wrong. But something did feel wrong.

Then it hit him. Where was the pitterpatter of the eggs? The eggs were there but not moving an inch.

Bunny cautiously approached the bunches of eggs and poked the nearest one. The hiding spirits could barely contain their giggles. The poked egg rolled off the rock and fell to the ground. And. It. Cracked. Into. A. Eggy. Mess.

Bunny stared at gooey glop in absolute shock. Then...

"AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!"

The spirits clapped their hands over their mouths to keep back the laughs struggling to escape. A few giggles did. Bunny continued to freak the heck out and tore off to freak out somewhere else. But that did not work so well as he immediately crashed into a tree. Snorts erupted from the seasons before control was reestablished. Bunny, oblivious to his hidden audience, scrambled away from the tree and ran off once more.

A single silent moment passed before the bush exploded with laughter and the young spirits spilled out of the bushes. Jack wiped tears of laughter from his eyes as he struggled to say, "Blackmail. Total blackmail. I will never forget this. Ever."

Benjy clapped a blushing Rosana on the back. "Nice plan, Rosa!"

* * *

><p>Now what to do with Sandy?<p>

This was a toughie. Nothing too extreme, those sandwhips were scary. Nothing to mellow, they still wanted to have fun.

Then it hit Jack. Dye. You can't go wrong with dye. Well, sometimes you can. But not this time!

Plus, as a safety thing, they got the washable dye.

They needed decoys again. Millie was chosen for this, as she hasn't had a turn to be a decoy. Benjy would be for North, but unfortunately Jack wouldn't be a decoy; the Guardians already knew him as a trickster and wouldn't be as willing. But the winter boy didn't mind; watching their faces was much more satisfying.

The dye took a while to make, especially because they needed to it to stain sand. During the time it took to make, the kids were able to leave for a little to bring their seasons to parts of the world. Jack had just returned from Canada when Millie announced that the dye was ready. Snickers came from the group when they observed the bright pink dye. Oh yes. This was perfect.

The Sandman was currently spreading dreams, and floating ever so close to the prone position when...

He stopped and looked around, as if sensing someone near by. The siblings held their breath, knowing if they were spotted their prank would flop. They took pranking _very _seriously.

Sandy was the coolest Guardian in the seasons' opinions. The Sandman had always lent an ear for them and comforted them. The others? Not very high in their cool list. Bunny would scoff and make fun; Tooth was too distracted; North, well, was odd; and Jack was their Winter prince. The others held titles like that as well. And as Sandy _was _the coolest Guardian, he deserved a well done prank. And they did their best for Sandy.

Which, unfortunately for said Sandman, was dipping in him vat like thing of hot pink dye.

Sandy had just stopped right before prime position and near ruining the prank. Millie needed to lure the little man into the spot and _voila! _one pink Sandy coming up! Jack quickly gave new orders and the plan was adjusted to fit this new development.

Millie perched on her oak staff. Her green eyes looked up at Sandy, both pitying and amused. She took a deep breath and shouted out, "Sandy! Sandster! Mr Sandy-Sand!" It was an inside joke between them for Millie to try to think up new nicknames for him every time they met. Sandy blinked a little before focusing his gaze toward her. Millie felt another pang of pity for the soon to be pink man.

Sandy lighted down to Millie's level and touched the ground. His eyes questioned her while the golden sand above his asked more noticeably. He was, Millie noticed, completely Earth-bound, meaning that he would fall just like any human. Perfect.

"Just wanted to know if you liked the color pink."

And with that, the seemingly stable ground under Sandy's feet vanished. Stunned, the golden man dropped and landed with a _splash _in the pink dye. He emerged, soaking wet and very...pink.

The tricksters came out from hiding, laughing until they were hoarse. The now pink man looked in shock. Jack grinned at the others. "North's turn!"

And with that, the seasons sped off to the new victim.

Once they've convinced Benjy to go the North Pole. Too cold you know?

* * *

><p>Word spread through out the Guardians. They met up after the dye incident. Within a few minutes, the pranked Guardians were gathered in North's Room-That-Has-A-Fireplace. A shivering Tooth was buried under blankets (apparently she was cold sensitive) and Bunny was holding his eggs fearfully, as if expecting them to crack at any second. He was probably traumatized. And a very pink, very much in shock Sandy sat on the couch.<p>

North took one look at them and instantly began to laugh. Bunny glared at him but quickly returned his gaze to his eggs, making sure that there were no cracks. Tooth's nose barely poked out of the mass of blankets. Sandy continued the glare at North.

After a few moments, North finally was able to control himself. "What happened?"

"Jack and his trouble-makin' family." Bunny growled, his eyes on the eggs.

"The season spirits?" North inquired.

"Yup."

"Why?"

"Just for fun? I'm not really sure mate why don't you ask them?"

"Great idea Bunny! I shall call Jack here at once and his siblings will follow yes?" North said gleefully, the sarcasm passing right over his head. He reached over for the lights then hesitated. Last time he turned this switch, it had summoned a ticked off Mother Nature and her family who had eaten every last cookie in his kitchen.

"On second thought, if they are pranking all Guardians, maybe they will come on their own?"

* * *

><p>Benjy was grumbling as the South Wind dragged him to the Pole. He DID NOT want to go the Pole. His summer magic could never touch the place. Jack had eternal reach there, while Benjy took the equator. The two girls sort of floated around giving warmth or a chill to where ever they were needed.<p>

The South Wind tugged Benjy faster, as if telling him to hurry! The summer spirit grumbled even more as he sped up to catch up with his winter brother. Jack turned to look at Benjy and his trademark grin spread across face as he spotted Benjy's posturing face. Jack slowed and swirled around above the summer spirit. Jack's staff hung in Benjy's face. Benjy swatted at the crook, feeling a smile sneaking

its way to onto his face. Jack's antics never failed to bring a smile to his brother's face.

The girl spirits were watching the brothers smiling. They were slightly ahead and they slowed to remain with them. Rosana's robin poked its head out of the puff of blossoms and tweeted. Rosana patted its head and asked softly, the East carrying her voice to her siblings, "What is North's prank?"

"Well Rosa, I haven't really thought that far ahead." Jack said sheepishly.

Benjy rolled his eyes and Millie giggled.

"But before we get him, we've got to think about this. Word's spread. The Guardians are at the Pole. If we prank North, we prank all of them."

Benjy spoke up. "I'm decoy so can I choose this one?"

Jack nodded and as the group flew to the Pole, Benjy was thoughtful. When they crossed the Arctic Circle, Benjy grinned.

"What happens when you give those elves sugar?"

* * *

><p>North didn't notice the hurried scurrying of the elves out of the room nor the absence of them. If he had, a lot of trouble could've been saved. Or not. It was already too late. And the plan was in motion.<p>

Bunny was still just glancing around occasionally before hurriedly shifting his gaze back to his eggs. It was on this occasional glance that he spotted Benjy lounging in the air above the cookie plate. His hand was reaching another cookie while his mouth was munching on two.

Bunny probably jumped at least two feet in the air. "NORTH!"

North looked up from stoking the fire for Tooth and stared at the munching spirit. Benjy gave him a peace sign. "Hey. What's up."

Bunny cradled his eggs fearfully. "Don't you dare touch my eggs!"

Benjy put up his hands in a 'peaceful' gesture. "No worries Kangaroo! Not here for your eggs this time." He laughed at Bunny's enraged expression. North interrupted before an argument could begin.

"What do you want Benjamin?" Benjy frowned.

"No one calls me that unless I'm in trouble with Mom." The Guardians looked slightly panicked at the mention of Mother Nature. Benjy contained his laughter. Plenty of time to laugh later.

"Came to ask you a question, Mr Santa-man." North frowned at his nickname then nodded for Benjy to continue his questioning.

"What happens when you give those elves of yours sugar?"

At this particular question from this particular spirit at this particular time, North connected the dots and, remarkably, figured out the spirits' plan for him. And once he did, his face paled.

Conveniently, the elves burst in at that moment and stormed into the Room-That-Has-A-Fireplace and just about laid waste to the room. This did not effect Tooth that much. She was buried under her blankets. Bunny shrieked and jumped around the room, clutching his eggs protectively. Sandy still sat in shock. And North was unfortunately too close the initial wave of elves and was blown over and lost under the mass of elves.

Benjy was still floating and unaffected by the sugar crazed elf attack. He rescued the cookie plate and was sitting on his wind friend when Jack and the girls came in to see the fruits of their 'work'. Jack snickered and the girls began to giggle uncontrollably. Benjy patted Jack on the back.

"Best. Idea. Ever."

The spirits laughed and watched the craze.

* * *

><p>Four days of writing. Four. This took force to get out and happy Easter Btw. I think that motivated me. Easter.

Anyway...

**Sorry Bunny! Not very Easter related. or puts you in good light. but I had fun writing you! **

loved writing this. So fun! also, new record! 2700 words! That is A LOT. Yay for me!

**Righty-o! Katyuana out! **

7. Fluffy sledding

What? Two updates in one night? Kudos to me for not sleeping!

Requested by The-Silver-Butterfly150

Father-son Fluff! There will be so much fluff! Hopefully... By the time this is done, I will know. And I hate autocorrect. Seriously I'm pretty sure half of what it gives me aren't even words. Just gitterishs! Is luaghanhg even a word? Proof. Why am i even rattling on about this? Is it possible im sleep deprived? Yes yes it is... ON WITH THE STORY!

* * *

><p>North was having second thoughts. Who wouldn't while sitting atop a sled that was balanced precariously on top of a giant mountain with

daredevil winter spirit?<p>

But he couldn't resist Jack's pleading eyes. Those blue eyes just were so _big and sad _that North couldn't say no or anything negative at all in the slightest.

Jack grinned at North; North felt his heart melting. He thought of Jack was his son and his heart ached for the young boy who had suffered through three hundred years of solitude. He regained his train of thought and glanced down the _very _steep slope. Jack laughed at North's apprehensive expression and yelled over the loud wind, "Nervous North?"

Yes he was nervous. But there was no way he would ever admit that!
"Me? No!"

"Alrighty then! Then I guess you wouldn't mind a little extra speed would ya?"

"What?!" was all North could say before he was hurtled forward against his will. Jack was laughing and he could hear the grin in his laugh. But currently North was focused more on the upcoming trees and the fact that they felt like they were going light speed. This had to be the fastest sled ride ever. Jack!

North was screaming, err no _yelling _all the way down. This sort of reminded him of how he had got here in the first place.

North had been completely stressed out with toy overload and Jack must've picked up on that because soon after checking the last of the toys, a sled hit the back of his legs and he'd fallen backwards. The sled kept moving, albeit as little slower, and he'd soon realized Jack was pushing it. Before he knew it they were outside and Jack was saying that North needed a break and he knew the perfect way to unwind. North had protested slightly and that was when he was hit with the _PUPPY LOOK._ And North was a goner. After that, a flurry of snowflakes and they were at the top of the mountains. And then Jack had pushed them down at supersonic speed. And here we are.

Then then, _trees. _Trees everywhere. And not once did they hit the sled. It took a few panicked minutes before he realized that Jack must be using his powers to avoid the trees. Thank MiM.

And then they hit a snowdrift. Luckily they were near the bottom so they stopped where they fell. And of course Jack was completely amused by falling off the sled; you would've thought he had just heard the joke of the century. He was rolling in the snow laughing like no tomorrow.

North spat out snow and wiped the rest off his face. Then he looked around. The sled, after stopping suddenly, was half in half out of snow. And Jack, after his laughing fit, was doing what ever he was doing with snow and piece of bark/wood.

Curious, North peeked over Jack's shoulder. What he saw was a detailed frost painting of North and Jack playing in massive amounts of snow. And one word under it: _Family._

North looked at Jack in surprise, both for his drawing skills and for what the drawing depicted. Jack smiled at North, a little hesitantly,

for he feared rejection. What happened next couldn't have surprised him more; North had grabbed Jack up in a huge hug. And Jack, despite being stunned, managed to hug him back.

* * *

><p>Hope you enjoyed! Oh yeah I never go feedback on Cupcake's dream it was just requests so I don't know if you guys liked it or not :(well feedback is appreciated!

****Katyuna out!****

8. Russia Hates Bunny

****Ive been reading sakuradancer3's story, awesome person by the way, (read the stories!) and I think Jack is thought as someone who works a few months and does nothing else. And that is frustrating. So Bunny will know how hard Jack works!****

* * *

><p>Jack stared at his hands. Skin-colored. Not deathly pale.<p>

Pitch laughed. He sunk into his shadows and vanished, his work done. His golden eyes remained for a second before leaving as well. He was always for dramatics.

Bunny rushed over to the shocked winter spirit. Or, rather, _human. _For Jack had become human. His white hair was a chocolate brown and his usually bright blue eyes were deep brown and scared. Bunny placed a paw on Jack's shoulder. "Jack! Are you alright? Why'd you change colors, mate?"

Jack gave a humorless laugh. "I didn't change colors, Kangaroo." The boy stood up and stared Bunny in the eyes. The Pooka's green eyes went wide. "I'm human."

Bunny stared at Jack. He stared back. Jack turned away and looked at the staff in his hands. It was no longer covered in frost, in fact, it looked like any other piece of wood. The wind swirled worriedly around their friend, trying to lift him but failing. "I can't fly. I can't do _anything. _I'm useless now."

Bunny, shaking out of his trance, reached out and shook the despairing boy. "Hey, Frost, don't be like that. This can't be permanent. North can fix you up."

"If he doesn't, Mom's going to kill Pitch."

* * *

><p>North rubbed his chin. This was puzzling. He couldn't find anything at all for changing immoralities. Except... there! A thin leather-back peeked out from the rows upon rows of thick hardcovers. North snatched it up gleefully. He knew he had had something somewhere!

Hurrying back to the Room-That-Has-A-Fireplace, which had recovered

since the elf attack, he spotted Jack standing near the fire, warming himself. That was a shock. Jack usually avoided the fire like the plague. His human self must be sensitive to cold like any other person. Jack was looking at his hands as he warmed them over the fire. He was no longer pale, but apricot he supposed you'd call it. His brown hair hung in his eyes and he looked just like any other boy. A lot like Jamie, actually. Hmm. Bunny was leaning against the wall, lost in thought.

North boomed, "I find book!"

Bunny snorted. "There are a lot of books. Of course you found one."

"I meant one that could help with Jack's problem."

"Really?" Jack said excitedly. He jumped up and looked at North with hopeful eyes.

North smiled and nodded. He sat down and began to flip through the tiny green book. North's smile faded as he became absorbed in the pages. Occasionally he'd pause on a certain page before moving on. This reading took a while; Jack felt himself dozing off. He hadn't done that in a long long time. He didn't sleep that often.

North jumped up. "I got it!" This sudden noise made Jack jolt and stare around. Bunny smirked at him.

"What? What'd you find?"

"Two things. One, you can be spirit again." Jack cheered, punching the air. Then he stopped.

"What's the second thing?"

"It's going to take a few days."

"What? But I can't be out that long! I have winter work!" Bunny snorted at this. Jack glared at him.

"What? It's autumn, Millie's season, how much work can you possibly have?" Bunny asked, eyes glinting.

Jack kept up the glare and reached for his staff. Bunny tensed at the action but retained his cool. Jack gave Bunny an odd smile. "Want me to prove it?"

Jack reached and tapped Bunny's head. Frost began to form over Bunny. He tried to swipe at it but it spread over his body. Bunny slightly panicked and collapsed to his knees, holding his chest. North reached out a hand. Jack stopped him and give him a knowing look.

The frost began to melt off Bunny, leaving white fur. Yes that's right. Bunny was now a pure white Pooka. His eyes cracked open, revealing bright blue. A chill grew around him, and frost began to form around Bunny's paws. It was like Jack as a Pooka. The said boy gave Bunny a judging look. "Not a bad look, Kangaroo."

"Wha- what did you do?" Bunny asked, not even rising to the Kangaroo jab.

"I needed a replacement. Until I'm back in spirit form. So I chose you... because you don't understand how I'm needed, even in other seasons. I want ya to know." Jack said, sinking into the couch.

"Why do I _ache_?" Bunny said, clutching his chest. He felt a deep ache. Something... somewhere was calling him. It was asking plaintively for snow. France?

"Somewhere needs snow. It's a summons. I always get those. You need to go and give it some snow so it can sleep. It's part of being a spirit of Mother Nature. Who, by the way, will be madder than something really scary when mad when she finds out about this. So avoid her for now okay?"

"Summons? Sleep? This is what you do all the time? But it hurts! How can you stand it all the time?" Bunny said.

Jack shrugged. "Eh, I'm used to it. Hey, Cottontail, you should go and give the place some snow. You've got time to get there but a head start might be a good idea if you want to figure out the wind riding and all that."

"What happens when you don't answer the summons?"

"Then the ache REALLY hurts, the world gets out of balance, it does stuff that should never happen and dies a rather awful death." Jack said causally, as if discussing how the world might end if he didn't do his job was completely natural.

Bunny stared at him. His eye twitched.

"Um. Alright. So the world might end?"

"Yup."

"So I should get going?"

"Uh-huh. Take my staff."

Bunny took the staff and frost reclaimed it. The new winter spirit started to leave but the wind decided that was a good time to pick up their new winter friend, now that he had the staff. Bunny yelled in surprise as the wind tossed him up and caught him. The white Pooka wobbled in the air as he tried to keep his balance. Jack snickered.

"Maybe after practice?" Jack laughed as Bunny flopped in the air, a maneuver he didn't know was even possible.

"That might be a good idea."

* * *

><p>Bunny swung the staff as he floated above France. Snow began to fall, large flakes swirling in the air. The summons lessened and vanished altogether as the snow soon blanketed the earth below. Bunny sighed in relief as the ache left him.<p>

Then he felt another ache. Grumbling, he headed off to Japan.

Then another popped up, this time it was Washington, asking for a snowstorm to give it sleep.

Michigan spoke up, requesting a snowfall.

Britain shouted at him for its snow sleep.

Quebec downright begged for more snow.

Geez, first hour and already this was hard.

* * *

><p>Jack sipped the hot chocolate. The heat felt so odd. After years of coldness, heat foreign to him. But his human body welcomed it. His body needed warmth. That was why he was wrapped in at least three blankets.<p>

North studied the boy in front of him. He looked familiar. Not because it was their Guardian, just minor differences, but he knew he'd seen this boy before.

Then it clicked.

North jumped. "Aha!" he shouted.

Jack jolted. "Gosh! Don't do that, North, I almost spilled!"

"I know you!" North said, pointing at Jack.

The boy blinked. "Um. I know you too?"

"I know you, Jackson Overland!"

Jack paled. "How-how so you know that name?"

"Letter! You! Write me letter!" With that North rushed from the room. The boy in the blanketed blinked. North came back in.

"See! See look!" North eagerly thrust the yellowed paper in Jack's hand. The boy unfolded it, the old letter crinkling in his hands.

The letter depicted a young boy looking out to the observer. A mischievous smile and tussled hair was much like the young Guardian's. Jack stared at the drawing. It was very well done. He remembered drawing this. He had worked on it for a while, staring at the ice to see himself. It had taken a lot of time. Not to mention a lot of paper.

Under the drawing, scrawled handwriting said:

_dear Santa, _

i drew you this drawing of me so that you would know which house is mine. but this year I dont want a present. im happy with my little sister so you can give my present to someone else who needs one. i don't mind

Jackson Overland

The writing was flawed and crude but you could tell it had been worked hard on. There was multiple cross outs.

North beamed at him. "I remember getting this! I gave you a present anyway! Do you remember what it was?"

Jack whispered, "Yes. Yes I remember. I got... ice-skates."

"Yes! Did you like them?" North asked excitedly.

"No..."

North stared at him. "What? You didn't like them?"

Jack stared at North. "No! They... they..."

"They what Jack?"

"They killed me..."

"_What!?"_"

"I got skates that year..." Jack whispered. He was lost in memories. "My little sister wanted to try them. It was late in the winter that I finally got time to teach her. We went to our lake. She ran out into the lake. I followed her. I didn't even have time to put on my skates yet. Then we heard a crack. The ice was cracking. It was too thin. I told her not be afraid, to look at me. She told me she was scared. I told her that we were going to play a game. Hopscotch. We played that every day. One. Two. Three. Her turn. She moved forward but the ice she was cracking too fast. I grabbed my staff, just a ordinary stick back then. I pulled her off the thin ice. She was safe. But my push pushed me over to the spot where she was standing. We didn't know that. We laughed, unable to believe our luck. I reached out to her. Then the ice gave out. My poor little sister... she yelled for me! And I fell into the icy water. And..." Jack whispered. His brown eyes were glazed. North was staring at the boy in shock. Jack didn't seem to realize he was taking so much. "and... I drowned..." Jack bowed his head. His shoulders shook. North wrapped the sobbing boy in a comforting embrace.

North was in shock. The present he had given the boy had killed him. Or contributed to it. The present the boy hadn't wanted. He had given him something when he hadn't wanted anything but he still got something. And it had ended him.

Oh, Fate was indeed cruel.

* * *

><p>The next few days were a haze. Bunny didn't drop by, assumed to be too busy with his new winter duties to come. Jack and North became closer after North had found out how Jack had died. The young boy had come to see North as a father. North had cared for Jack and gave him the proper immortal things to restore his immortality.<p>

Finally, the last day. Jack was almost back to normal. He just needed to use his staff to finish the process. Bunny should be here any

moment. Then he can fly again and play in the snow without freezing.

Conveniently, the Pooka flopped in through the window right then. Bunny fell on the couch, the wind dropping him unceremoniously. He spotted the boy staring at him. "Jack! You've got to help me mate! Russia won't leave me alone!"

Jack snickered. He reached over and snatched his staff up. The conduit glowed with magic energy. The fern frost once again began to form on Bunny and, this time, Jack. The boy welcomed the frost while Bunny swiped at it again. Eventually, the frost covered the two's bodies. It began to melt quickly.

As it did, Bunnu was relieved to find his dark gray fur was back. He patted down just to make sure and sighed relievedly. His green eyes looked around. No longer did he feel places calling and requesting him.

Jack was drained of color once more. The brown was gone and the shock of white hair was back. Bright blue eyes sparkled out as the wind picked up their frost child. Jack smiled as the North Wind tussled his hair. The wind whispered what Bunny had even doing as his time as winter. Jack contained the laughs. "So Bunny. How was winter work?"

Bunny groaned. "Don't even mention it. The world won't leave me alone!"

Jack frowned as he felt the calls. "Bunny, you've completely ignored Russia, Quebec wants another two layers of snow, Ireland is demanding snow sleep this instant, Alaska is screaming at me, Canada needs snow sleep now or else and Sweden is choosing some very choice words to call you."

"Go... snow." Bunny mumbled.

"Do you see now? My work is very important!" Jack said, determined to get his answer.

"Yes! It's worse than Easter rush! Worse than North rushing! Because it never ends! It always goes more and more every second! I can't do it!" Bunny yelled.

Jack smiled. Finally someone understood. "Hey. At least you didn't have to do the actual winter season. You just got early fall."

Bunny moaned.

* * *

><p>I don't like autocorrect. Ipsatyionslep? I have no comment. Just, nothing.

**Okay! Well hope you enjoyed this. I think I fumbled the Jack reveals his death part and I hate it but im sleepy and my cat keeps sitting on me. its very relaxing and sleepifying. That is not a word. But it is now. **

**The reason Pitch turned Jack human was to mess up the balance in

the world. Sort of worked. Bunny did it though. Barely. Jack had to fix it. Russia hasn't forgiven Bunny yet. **

Righty-ness! Katyuana is sleeping! Zzz. :3

9. Interviewing Seasons

Okay! I gathered the season spirits for an interview so you guys know them better! Bold is me and italics are the seasons and Mother Nature. Also, if anything said here contradicts something said in other chapters, sorry. I'm very confused. **alrighty then! Lets let this show on the road! ****So guys. I'm Katyuana.**

Jack: Hi Katyuana!

Rosana: Good day!

Millie: Really Rosa?

** Ummm... Alright! I'm ****interviewing you seasons. So. Should we start with descriptions so we know what you look like?**

Benjy: Yeah! Me first, Katyuana!

_Jack: No way! Me first! _

_Millie: Jack. Your in the movie they know what you look like. They don't know us. _

Jack: Fine. I still want to go though.

Benjy: Yay me! Okay, well imagine the opposite of Jack. I'm pretty tall, not saying Jack is short, I have short black hair, I have blue eyes like Jack though, sort look like a surfer guy I suppose? Except for my hair. I'm Hispanic. I wear a sunny tshirt, love the sun! Can't get enough!

_Mille: Me now! I have short cut strawberry hair, under a ivy green hat. Like a beanie I suppose. I wear a light green knit sweater and a light golden skirt over light brown leggings. I love the colors of Autumn! Don't call it fall! I find that name demeaning of such a beautiful season. Jack always calls it fall to annoy me! _

Jack: Fall fall fall fall fall!

Millie: Jack I swear!

_Mother Nature: Millie, dear, don't kill him. We need him for winter or the world dies. _

Millie: Fine.

Rosana: My turn?

Jack: Yeah go ahead Rosa.

_Rosana: Well, alright. Um, I have long auburn hair. I have a headband that's lined with pink and purple blossoms. I don't wear a hat. My dress is a draped style lilac gown. It's a bit old fashioned

but I love it! I have a pet robin. Her name's Bloom. _

_Jack: It has a name? _

_Rosana: Of course! _

Jack: Uh... Alright...

Mother Nature: Is it my turn now?

Millie: Yeah, Mom. Tell Katyuana about ya.

Mother Nature: Well, Katy, I- do you mind if I call you
that?

**Not at all. It's fine. So, tell me about yourself Mother Nature.
I'm really curious. Then Jack can talk, alright Jack?**

_Mother Nature: Well, I change with the seasons, Katy. So I don't
have a certain look I have all the time. Right now, it's spring so
I'm wearing my spring dress. Jack, your turn._

_Jack: Finally! Okay you know my blue hoodie with frost patterns. I
wear my brown pants that many people think is my original pants. But
Mom gave me some spares a few decades ago so I don't wear the same
thing for years. Thanks Mom!_

_Mother Nature: Your welcome Jack. Dears, shouldn't you describe your
staffs for Katy?_

_Jack: Oh yeah! _

Millie: Me first!

_Benjy: No me! _

_Rosana: I'd like to go. _

Jack: Me!

_Mother Nature: Jack, dear, they know what your staff looks like.
Let's let your siblings say and then you._

Jack: Urgh. I always go last.

Mother Nature: Rosa, you go first.

Benjy: Aww!

_Mother Nature: Hush, Benjamin. Don't pout Millie. _

_Rosana: Err... My staff is a cherry blossom staff. It curves around
like a braid. It's topped with a puff of blossoms and Bloom like to
sleep there._

_Millie: Me! My staff is an oak staff. It has golden leaves and red
ones and a yellow ones! It's so colorful! Yay! _

_Benjy: Millie stop fangirling over autumn! It's my turn now! My
staff is made out of maple! It had big green leaves all over. Life

stuff and all that._

_Jack: Is it my turn? Okay! At last. Unlike Benjy and Millie's, mine and Rosa's have cool shapes. Mine is like a Shepard crook. It doesn't have any leaves because winter never has any leaves. I don't mind. Having leaves on mine would be so weird. _

Yeah. So, what are your responsibilities? I have a faint idea of how it works. I know that you get summons. Jack, you remember that time you made Bunny-

_Jack: OH! _

_Benjy: What was that? _

Jack: Erm, just realized something...

Benjy: Ooo-kay.

Mother Nature: You want to know our works, Katy?

Yeah. Like, I know Jack is called to give places sleep. But what do the rest of you guys do?

Jack: Oh great. Choose the only question that I can't answer. Gee thanks.**
>

Mother Nature: Jack stop pouting.

Jack: I'm not pouting!

Rosana: Yes you are.

Jack: Thanks for defending me Rosa.

Benjy: Don't be like that to Rosa!

Jack: I was teasing!

**Erm. Guys? Responsibilities? **

_Benjy: Hold on! _

_Millie: Oh sorry Katy! Benjy, apologize this instant! Okay, well let me get this straight. Jack's called to make the land go to sleep. People think winter kills the land but the land needs winter. Winter allows it to rest to prepare for the other seasons.__
>

_Jack: Stop hitting me Benjy! Thanks- Millie! Ow! _

Benjy: Ow! Did you just hit me with your staff?!

Mother Nature: BOYS!

_Rosana: Benjy! Don't attack Jack like that! He wasn't trying to be mean! _

Benjy: Sorry...

Millie: ANYWAY. Rosana wakes up the places. It's like it's reborn. That's when new things grow.

Rosana: Good description!

Millie: Yay! Then Benjy gives it a sugar high.

Benjy: Hey! I do not!

Mother Nature: Benjamin, don't interrupt your sister.

Millie: Thanks Mom. And you DO Benjy. Its always needs some extra sleepiness! My job, is by the way, putting the earth to bed. Jack finishes it by making it sleep.

Mother Nature: I keep the world balanced. I make sure the seasons don't get into fights with the others. if they did and didn't forgive one another, then they would act out of spite and probably end the world. So I am their mother.

**Wow. I didn't realize how important you were! I mean, I knew you were VERY important but I didn't know to what extent. So where do you seasons Live? Where are your homes? **

Mother Nature: Okay Jack. You can go first now.

Jack: Yes! Alright. You know my pond?

**Yeah what of it? **

Jack: Well, it works like this. Our homes don't exist on this plane. There are portals that send us to places that can't be reached without our permissions. My home is through a portal in the pond. It's a BIG forest like winter-Narnia in that movie. I like to call it that.

OH MY GOD! REALLY!? CAN I VISIT I LOVE NARNIA OH MY GOD YOUR HOME IS NARNIA NARNIA! NARNIA IS THE SINGLE GREATEST PLACE EVER! JACK YOU ARE NOW MY FAVORITE SPIRIT EVER! CAN I VISIT NARNIA? PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE?!

Jack: Ummmmmmmm...

Mother Nature: Katy, dear, are you alright?

Oh sorry. Yeah i'm fine. I'm just fangirling over NARNIA! Can't help it sorry! Erm, continue Jack.

Jack: Uh... Rightty then. I live in a ice castle. NOT the White Witch's because its not really Narnia. It's really cool. I'll take you someday Katy!

OH MY GO- No! No Katy you must control yourself! Control! Okay... I would love that Jack. Eep control! Must... Control... My... Inner Fangirl...

_Mother Nature: Take deep breaths, Katy. In and out. That's better!

—

****Thanks Mother Nature. Now, what about you guys? Where do you live?****

Rosana: Me? Um, my portal to my home is in Japan. It's like an past Japan. It's so beautiful because there's no big cities that ruin my spring! Just pure spring everywhere!

Millie: You wouldn't tell but I'm actually from France! That's where I was from as a mortal. Our portals are all located where we lived as mortals.

_Benjy: My home portal is in Brazil! The village where I used to live is long gone but remnants of it remains. It's more jungle than anything now. _

_Mother Nature: I live everywhere. _

****Cool! Oh! I remembered one of my questions! Did all you guys die before becoming spirit? Like Jack?****

Jack: Yeah. Spirits are dead you know.

Benjy: Its a bit sensitive to talk about.

_Rosana: But we all sacrificed ourselves to save someone we loved.
_

Millie: Thats why we were chosen.

Jack: I drowned for my sister.

_Benjy: I fell after rescuing my brother from falling off the cliff face. _

Rosana: I saved a child of my village from over-sea invaders.

Millie: I protected my baby sister from a fire.

Jack: We all proves ourselves worthy of spirit form.

Benjy: Sometimes we wish we hadn't.

Rosana: It gets so lonely sometimes.

_Millie: We didn't have our memories. _

Jack: Like me.

Benjy: Dying blocks out our memories.

Rosana: But we found a new family.

Millie: And we couldn't be happier.

****Wow! That's that amazing. Not that you died but how you became spirits. You all gave your lives for someone. No wonder you were chosen. ****

Mother Nature: Yes, I'm very proud of them.

**I would be too. How'd you become a spirit, Mother Nature?
**

Mother Nature: I don't like to talk about it.

Oh! Sorry... Didn't mean to pry. So... I'm out of questions. FOR NOW. Mwahahaha!

Benjy: Oookay?

Jack: Um. Is the interview over?

Millie: Aww! This was fun.

_Jack: Hey I know fun. _

Rosana: Guys! Katy's ending this. Say bye before she saves it.

Millie: Bye!

Jack: Bye.

Benjy: Goodbye!

_Rosana: See you next time! Mom- say bye! _

Mother Nature: We shall meet again.

Hope you peeps enjoyed my interview with the seasons! Maybe you learned a bit today about them today. Hmm that is my hope. If you guys want something like this again just ask! Forgive my fangirling! My new nickname is now Katy. But I'm still signing off like this:

Katywana out! :3

10. The Spirits Are Falling

At first, they'd hardly noticed.

Then Jack started leaving meetings early. He'd stare out the window, his face completely serious, an odd look for the prankster spirit. Jack would speed speak his part and leave almost immediately afterward. Bunny tried to catch him but the Winter Prince was just too fast for him.

And one thing they noticed before he left was that he was so tired. The spirit would yawn and almost doze off before snapping his eyes open as rushing to the window, as if it was calling him. The Guardians were worried, their youngest was not supposed to be this way. Bunny told them that Jack was very busy with Winter duties and no doubt was a little overloaded. This did little to reassure them through. In fact, they worried even more if such was possible.

So when Millie showed up at the Pole, they worried even more.

The autumn girl had just floated in, said, "Jack's in trouble. We

need you guys." A flurry of fallen leaves surrounded the Guardians, blocking their vision.

When the leaves cleared, they stood in a cottage in a deep forest. The cottage was relatively simple; just basic things and a few decorations, like the vase or the old paintings on the wall. Rooms branched off, five rooms could be seen. The doors' paint was old and peeling.

The other two seasons were already seated on the sparse chairs. A very old couch sat in the middle. Mille sighed and dumped herself on to the couch, making it sag. The girl rubbed her eyes and yawned exhaustively.

Rosana was curled up in a yellowy felt plush chair. Her staff lay across her lap and she had her head buried in her hands; her robin, Bloom, tweeted anxiously on her shoulder. Benjy looked tired as well. He sat on the hard wooden chair.

"Hey. Sorry for taking you so suddenly. But it was urgent." he said, running his hand through his short black hair, making it stand for a second, before it flopped back in his eyes.

Tooth asked gently, "What's wrong, Benjy? Why are you all so tired?"

"Wait for Jack. He'll tell you more. But right now, we really want to rest."

Sandy make a few sand signals. Benjy sighed. "No. No it's not Pitch, you'd guys know about that, wouldn't you? But to be honest, I don't know who it is. No one I know of could do this."

Rosana moaned. Millie rushed up, wincing as she did, and placed her hand on the tiny girl's back. Rosana looked up at the Guardians, her face covered in tear streaks. She moaned again and dropped her head in her hands. Millie looked up at Benjy. "Ben, it's getting worse. Rosa can't hold it off much longer."

"I know. But she has to. Until Jack gets back and Mom's better."

Bunny watched this all with a very worried look. "Ben, as you are apparently called now, tell us what is wrong? Why is Blossom here like this? Why do you mean, until Mom's better?"

"Tell them, Ben," a voice rasped. Guardians and seasons both turned to see Jack leaning heavily on his staff. Dark circles ringed his eyes and he seemed ready to collapse. No smile dance across his face. The Winter Prince looked awful, to be frank. Jack hobbled over to couch and groaned as he lowered himself on it. Tooth darted forward. "Jack! What's going on! Tell us!"

Jack grimaced. Pain or just not wanting to say. "You guys have time for a story?"

* * *

><p>"It had started about three months ago. The northern hemisphere was too cold. Never thought I'd say that. But something was wrong

with the balance. So I visited Mom. She'd know why the top was freezing. But when I did, Mom was already sick. First it was just a few sniffles. Then the loudest sneezes ever. Soon she was confined to bed. And the northern hemisphere was just getting colder. I called to the others here. This is Millie's cottage. Nice place. Quiet. If you don't know, me and Rosa share the top hemisphere. Ben and Millie the south. Keeps it balanced, with one warm and cold on each. And this was effecting the top. Me and Rosa thought we had this. But it keeps going. Now heat has started to come from the bottom. It's really warm, I can't even go down there. We've been trying to fight it off but it's like an infection. It's draining us, leaking out our energies. We haven't lost power, just so very tired. And sleepy." Jack yawned tiredly. He stood up and pointed to a room's door. Previously unnoticed was a large tree painted on. This was presumed to be Mother Nature's room. "Mom's getting worse. And it's starting to show. The blizzard in Manhattan? Not me. The heatwave in Africa? Not Ben. That's why we err.. got you guys. We need help. Now." <p>

Rosana let out a sob. Millie hugged the girl closer. "And little Blossom here?"

"Dealing with the pain. It's progressed past draining us to hurting and she's trying to stop the cold from making a new ice age. It's harder on her, trying to keep it warm. I'm trying to pause the cold. My pain's a little easier than hers. But it feels like stepping in thorns on fire. She probably feels like getting squashed on frozen ice spikes in the Arctic."

North and the others gasped. Poor Rosa. Millie glanced up at them. "Now you see why we need help. We can't deal with this. It's too much for us and we don't have enough strength anymore."

"Of course we help! This effects children, yes?" North boomed, his loud voice echoing in the small cottage.

"Way more than you think. If we lose control, it could be worse than what I told you, Cottonta..." Jack gestured to Bunny, then grimaced, holding his arm close. "Oww. No no no no! Getting stronger..." Jack hissed, doubling over. Bunny supported him, making sure he didn't fall over. Jack leaned into Bunny, biting back whimpers. Millie and Ben both tensed as they felt more heat energy ripple through their domain. They trembled as they sent out more energy to combat it. All three sighed as the power surge faded, but leaving them even more exhausted. But Rosana had taken the full brunt of it.

"Hurts. Millie, it hurts!" Rosana wailed. The tiny girl was really, biology, thirteen or so. So she was more sensitive than her older siblings. Bloom the bird twittered. Despite the surge's pass, it was leaving a mark on the frail spring spirit. The East wind whispered and whirled. Their tiny, fragile flower child couldn't take much more.

Millie hugged the girl harder, both trembling. "Come on, Rosie. Come on you can do this! Where's my rough-and-tough little spring girl?" Millie teased. Rosana took deep breaths, gasping in air like a half-drowned person.

Tooth flew up to the girls. The fairy placed a small hand on Rosana's forehead. "This is bad. She's getting sick too. This pressure is too

much for her. If she doesn't let up soon, this could get fatal."

Ben growled. "If she does let up, the world will erupt in chaos and be both frozen and melted. I want her safe too, but we can't afford to stop."

Jack nodded. He pushed himself off Bunny and sank into the couch. "I'd love to rest, but that's not possible. I haven't slept in almost three months."

Millie gripped her staff, pulling herself up. Without too much trouble, she gathered Rosana in her arms. "I'm putting Rosie to bed. She needs it." Millie grasped the cherry blossom staff. The puff of blossoms seemed wilted. "Tooth, you're spring."

"_What?_"

Millie pointed the spring conduit at the confused fairy. The puff's blossoms seemed to regain their life. They glowed with power. Warm spring light enveloped Tooth. Light surrounded Rosana. The flower child moaned under the light. Sandy made sand signs of concern. "Hm? Oh, Tooth's going to be spring for awhile. To gives Rosana some rest. Don't worry, Tooth's okay." Millie left to the door with a large flower. Ben stood up and opened the door and Millie headed into the small room, limp spring spirit in her arms. The glow faded from the doorway.

Tooth's light faded, revealing her change. Her appearance hadn't changed that much, just more spring color. Instead of bright colors, her feathers had changed in pastel pinks and purples and greens and blues. But she did look woozy, her hand to her head. North asked her, "Tooth, you feel okay?"

The spring fairy blinked. "I... think? I'm not sure." The East wind ruffled her head feathers before deeming her worthy as their new flower.

Jack chuckled. "The surges haven't come yet. But the draining is still going on. So you'll feel weak pretty soo-" He suddenly cried out, twisting on the couch. Ben yelped as well, doubling over and clutching the table to stop himself from falling over. Sandy, thankfully, helped him, supporting the weak boy's weight. A shriek came from the room that Millie had gone into.

"Jack!" Bunny reached out for the boy. Jack's eyes were shut, his hand having a death grip on his staff. Bunny's hand stopped when he heard Tooth cry out as well. He turned in horror.

The new spirit curled in on herself. Her wings froze up, dropping her unceremoniously down to the floor. North held her up, him being the only thing holding her up. The fairy was limp. Jack screamed as Tooth passed out, leaving him to take all the pain alone. Bunny hurriedly held Jack as the boy writhed in pain. The surge pounded them, showing no mercy.

The spirits sent out energy to combat the surge, to beat it back. After a entire pain-filled minute, the surge receded. Jack let out a sigh of relief, relaxing in Bunny's arms. Ben blinked his eyes open, taking in the room before. Millie stumbled out of Rosana's room, eyes sunken and hollow. Her legs almost gave out as she fell on the

sagging couch next to the weakened Jack.

Bunny looked at the exhausted spirits. They had put up with this for three months straight. Now they were at the their last legs and desperate. Rosana was out of commission. Jack looked like he couldn't take anymore surges. Millie was holding strong for now, but she was weak as well. Ben could hold out for a while longer, but even he would fall eventually.

If they fell, the world would fall.

* * *

><p>Mwahahahahaha! I'm evil. Left you with a cliffhanger! This will be an arc. Hope you like this beginning.

**Okay sorry for the wait, my muse and I had a falling-out and Muse hasn't forgiven me yet. This was a compromise. Do ya like it?
**

Cant wait for your responses! You guys rule! :3

Katyuna is out!

11. Can No One Be Serious?

Part Two of the arc: _The Spirits are Falling. _

* * *

><p>Ben pushed himself off the object he was leaning on; partly Sandy and the table. His bright blue eyes blinked blearily at the Guardians. He took in Jack, just about collapsed in Bunny's arms. He saw Millie, her chocolate eyes heavily lidded from exhaustion. Tooth, their temporary spring, hadn't lasted a few seconds. She had left Jack to hold up an entire hemisphere. Ben knew it wasn't her fault, but it still left him annoyed.<p>

"We'll help ya, Ben. Don't ya worry about it." Bunny said. His large ears, that Ben had always secretly wanted to touch, twitched at a moan coming from the door with the large tree painted. _Mom!_

Ben staggered up. Sandy instantly supported him as his legs nearly gave out. "Thank you, Bunny. I have to go check on Mom, could you wait a bit?" Without waiting for an answer, Ben floated up. He couldn't walk all that great right now.

He opened the door, feeling the peeling paint as he pushed it open. He drifted in. Mom's pet, a large stag, was on the carpet. His name was Milrose. The oddest name in the world for a deer, for anyone actually. Milrose was slumbering, but seemed worried. Weird expression to see on a deer but that's what he was. Mom herself was in the queen bed, the largest in the house, the rest of the rooms having just twin beds. Her winter attire consisted of a long dress, an almost pearly color, infused with blues and whites. A snowflake crown adorned her head. Long white locks spread out in a fan around Mom. If you could see her eyes, they would probably be about Jack's color. Ben's eye color was a oceanic color, Jack's a azure. Her face was strained, due to the sickness taking hold. The person that could

make North, with his sharp scary swords, tremble in his boots, was racked with a blazing fever. It was unnatural.

Ben was honestly worried out of his mind. Mother Nature was the most powerful of spirits (Manny didn't count, in his opinion, all he did was talk and not that often) and she was at her weakest. And if their enemies decided to take the opportunity to take control... Well, Ben didn't want to think about that.

He adjusted her blankets, feeling helpless. As leader of the Elemental Spirits, he should have a plan. He was the strongest spirit. Ben frowned at himself. He placed a new cold towel on her forehead. He patted Milrose the deer's antlers, then floated back into the living room.

Bunny had layed Jack back on the couch; the winter spirit watched them through heavy lidded eyes. Millie was sitting up, leaning forward as if waiting expectantly. Her hat was lopsided, but she didn't seem to notice. Tooth had woken up, and was flying again. Good. They were awake enough for what they needed to tell the Guardians.

"I'm back!" Ben sang out. Jack snorted softly at him. At least he still had his sense of humor.

"Good. Now you tell us what happen and how fix?" North said, his odd accent very noticeable.

"Yeah. First thing, no more changing you guys into spirits. It's not going to last. Plus, you'll be weak too." Ben said in a commanding voice. They looked surprised at his tone, but nodded. Ben nodded back.

"Also, I... erm... may have an idea about who's doing this." Ben muttered reluctantly. Bunny had a sore spot for this. He'd have to tread carefully.

Tooth shot up. "What is it? Tell us! Is it-"

"Tooth! Please, just let me talk?" Ben sighed. The summer spirit was so tired! Really, he'd just love a nap. "Alright. Fearlings. Specifically, Nature's Fearlings. Elementals' fears made real."

Ben watched Bunny's reaction subtly. The grass green eyes widened. The Summer Prince faintly heard a gasp. It was luckily hidden by his friends' gasps. Ben imagined Bunny's train of thought. Fearlings? Bad memories, Ben knew, would begin to surface. Of houses burning, flames eating away at the walls, screams echoing-

No. Ben waved his hand in front of the furry face. No time for that. Bunny's eyes blinked, returning to the present. Now. Time to plan. Ben clapped his hands. "Alright then! Down to business. Our fearlings are usually stronger than normal Fearlings because we're immortal. And more powerful spirits than others. But they aren't this powerful. So something must've triggered them." He glared at the Guardians suddenly, his ocean eyes stormy. "Did you guys do anything to Jack?" His big brother instinct was on full attack mode.

North quickly put up his hands in defense. "No! No we would not do dat to Jack. He is our fellow Guardian. As well as friend."

The Summer Prince relaxed. "Something must've triggered them. Now..." Ben suddenly yawned hugely. "...Sorry. It's just that time..." Another huge yawn.

Tooth looked perplexed. "What's that mean?" They all looked confused. Millie jumped in to explain.

"Every year, on a Elemental's opposite season, we go into a long sleep. It's when we restore our powers and replenish for another year. It's Ben's time but he's been fighting it," Millie explained. Ben was operating at an all-time low energy rate in taxing conditions.

Ben yawned again. Sleep would be nice. He said after a moment, "Sorry. Just...-yawn-... I'm not usually awake at this point."

Millie nodded somberly. "Ben, you've been fighting this for two weeks now. You've got to rest."

Ben shook his head stubbornly. "No you need me. I can't be sleeping. It'll take weeks! And no one can be spirits-yawn-... And with the surges! I-yawn- need to stay-yawn- awake..." Ben's head nodded sleepily and the South Wind dropped him.

North dove forward and barely caught the boy. Ben snored softly. "Aaand... he's out." Jack snickered. "Someone put him to bed, or he'll end up making this a desert or something."

"I will. Which one's his room?" Bunny said, taking the sleeping Ben from North.

"The one with the sun. Over there." Jack pointed. Bunny nodded and hopped over. He pushed the door open, paint peeling off. They needed a repaint. Bunny headed in, looking around Ben's room. The walls were a bright yellow and orange, swirling together in a beautiful way. Pictures of figures playing in a summer setting decorated the walls. A maple bed frame took up most of the room. Bunny set Ben down in the bed, debating on whether or not to use the covers. Deciding that both the room and the boy were warm enough, Bunny made his way back in to the main room.

Jack had pushed himself in a sitting position, his azure eyes open. Millie was now standing, leaning on her oak staff. The reprieve between surges had allowed them to recover slightly. Millie looked up at Bunny. "Oh, good. Bunny, would you mind being summer?"

"No!"

"Too late."

Millie pulled Ben's staff out of nowhere. With a rather gleeful expression, she pointed it at Bunny. After a quick flash of light, Bunny was now... still Bunny.

"Aw, no colors." Jack pouted. "Wait, your eyes are blue! Yay it worked."

"Why am I summer?!" Bunny said angrily.

"Cause I saw you first. Also, Santa as summer? Just doesn't fit. Actually, now that I think about it, Sandy would be a lovely summer," Millie mused. Sandy looked appalled and stepped out of range of the summer conduit.

Jack interrupted before Bunny could do anything else, like toast Millie accidentally. "Stop it. Love your arguing, it's really entertaining but now we've got a problem."

The autumn girl looked up at Jack. She sighed. "Yes. We're being picked off, one by one. Two spirits are out. Just me and Jack left."

North looked like he wanted to slash something. "We cannot fight nature. We must find Fearlings and stop this. Where are they?"

Bunny gave him an annoyed look. "If they knew, wouldn't they get them already?"

Millie bopped him with her staff. "Shut it, summer. We actually know where they are."

Bunny, rubbing his ears which had got bopped, looked surprised. "Then how come you haven't got them?"

"Because if we do, and a surge came on, we'd be helpless! Besides, does Rosana look like a fighter? She can kick someone's stuffing, really, but against Fearlings? That's sort of why we got you but so far, that's not really working in our favor. Also, I'm surprised you didn't freak out over the bear," Jack explained. Bunny nodded in understanding then froze.

"...Bear?"

"Yeah, Ben has a pet bear. Like Rosana's bird. I think he called it Bosco."

Bunny crept over to the Summer Prince's door. Peeking in, he spotted a large brown shape sleeping next to Ben. The bear jerked up and stared unflinchingly at Bunny. The Pooka took a deep breath and snuck away from the door. "There's a bear in there."

"Um, yeah, I know that."

"Aren't your pets supposed to be protection? I get the bear, but the bird? What are yours?" Tooth queried.

Jack winced. "That bird is LETHAL. Don't make it mad. Seriously. And if you want to meet Tai..." At the name Tai, a large spotted blob pounced out of Jack's room, the one with the snowflakes. North yelped at the sudden movement. He swung blindly, Sandy jumping (floating) out of the way.

"North! Stop! You'll hurt Tai!" Jack hugged the spotted creature who was growling at North, teeth bared and gray eyes narrowed. It was a huge snow leopard, the prints obvious and poofy tail lashing. Jack held his arms around Tai the snow leopard and the leopard stopped growling and nuzzled Jack. Tooth awwed at the sight. North lowered

his swords. No threat, just a massive angry snow leopard who was glaring daggers at him from under Jack's arms.

Millie looked annoyed. "I'd love to show you Faye but-" a soft sound comes from Millie's leaf-decorated door. She gives the door a glare. "Speak of the devil. Or fox."

Jack laughed as yelps float through Millie's door. "Let Faye in. Tooth will love her, she's adorable."

Tooth looks indignant. "I don't love everything cute- OH MY GOSH THAT IS THE MOST ADORABLE ANIMAL I'VE EVER SEEN!" She squeals and just about grabs the little reddish fox that trots in. She hugs to tiny fox, who seems to enjoy the attention. The fox didn't mind being squeezed, in fact, Faye nuzzled Tooth affectionally.

Millie looks affronted. "Don't indulge her, it'll go to her head." She pats Faye's head, the only part poking out of the feathery hug. "Through she is adorable." Faye squeaks happily. Tooth squeaks in adoration at the cute sound.

"Please, can we just be serious for once?" Millie groans. She adjusts her lopsided hat and takes a deep breath. Then she closed her eyes. She just needed to think. And plan.

Millie opened her eyes. To see Faye's face not two inches from her own, dark gold eyes staring her down adorably. Millie yelped in surprise and jumped up, the West Wind picking her up and carrying her to the ceiling. Which of course made her hit her head. "Ow! Faye! Wait- Jack?"

The Winter Prince was holding Faye and snickering. He takes one of the fox's tiny paws and gives himself a high-five with her. "Yay! Good job Faye!"

Millie sighed from the ceiling fan she was resting on. Could no one be serious around here?

* * *

><p>Yay! Faye, Bosco and Tai are here! Boss-co. Tie. That's how you pronounce them. Bosco is the bear in Avatar the last Airbender. You know that bear? With the Earth King? And Tai is Tai Lung in Kung Fu Panda. Luckily he's not evil. Faye is a French name that sounded perfect for a fox. I don't know. It means Fairy. Yeah... I loved writing Tooth's freak out on how adorable Faye is!

Ben is the leader of the Elemental Spirits. He IS the strongest. I mean despite Jack being awesomely powerful, Ben can burn stuffs. Pretty cool. Yeah and he's sleeping. Ben: Zzzzzzzz.

Don't worry the wait's almost over I just wanted to get the pet stuff going on. They're important! Hopefully we get to the Fearlings' fearful butts getting kicked soon! :3

Katyuna out!

****In which Jack gets really hurt and Mother Nature almost severely injures the Guardians. XD **Not part of the T_he Spirits Are Falling_arc.******

* * *

><p>North had the brilliant idea of family bonding time. Jack loved spending some time with the Guardians, but going on a 'family vacation'? Not fun sounding. And he was the Guardian of Fun. He knew what was fun.<p>

Jack grumbled under his hood. He was so bored. A simple picnic was what North chose. With watermelons that froze under his touch. He couldn't even enjoy it, it was so hard. North and Bunny had abandoned the picnic to have one of their arguments about whose holiday was better. Tooth was chattering, half way giving orders to her fairies and half talking. Presumably to Jack. Sandy was sitting on the blanket, looking very content with his sandwich. Jack wished he could fall asleep but Baby Tooth kept chittering in his ear; it kept him awake, if nothing else. Despite her chirps, Jack's head began to droop; he had just made a rush trip to Ireland then back to Burgess for a massive snowball fight. Jack began to doze off, the sharp sounds of Baby Tooth fading down to nothing.

Suddenly a war cry split the air. Jack started up with a cry of surprise. Bunny was leaping forward, boomerang in paw. He swung it right at the nightmare lurking in the shadows beyond the blanket. The nightmare squealed as it came into contact with the boomerang, the sand dispelling. Jack rolled away from the blanket, moving into a battle stance. The nightmares whinnied angrily and charged.

Jack bounced up, the North Wind catching him and taking him up to new heights. The Winter Prince swung his staff outwards, sending frost and ice arching to the dark horses. Several nightmares imploded in the frost blast; the rest being anchored to the ground by ice and now easy targets.

Bunny had leapt over the sandwich-eating Sandy to attack the first wave of nightmares. Sandy, after finishing his sandwich in a few bites, joined him with his sand whips. Jack and Tooth were both in the air, watching each others' backs. Her wings were lethal and nightmares ran before her. North had charged in, sword blazing. The silver blurred, he swung so fast.

It seemed that the nightmares were just ambushing, out of lack of a master. Pitch was temporarily vanquished, the nightmares had no master. They had no control or tact. Rouge nightmares had been popping up ever since Pitch had defeated. And what was also assumed was that this would be an easy battle, one with hardly an injury to mark it by. How wrong they were.

One of the nightmares, a wolf one, quite a rare one, was smarter than the others. He was the alpha. And he had designed this attack. The wolf was loyal to his master, despite Pitch's absence. Wolves were loyal creatures and the wolf wanted revenge on the Guardian who had stopped his master. _Jack_.

The wolf growled, a rolling thunder deep in his throat. He knew that his target was the winter element but the fairy! The fairy was so

feathery! The wolf had always had a fondness for feathers. Perhaps before he got the frost child, he'd get the feathery one. Good plan. Yes.

The wolf was the shadows, he did not sneak in them, he was them. He was those eyes you see, glowing red in the darkness. The wolf stalked forward, confident in his sneaky attack. His blood-red eyes glinted in concentration. But he didn't count upon a sharp-eyed winter element.

Jack was blasting another nightmare when he saw a glinting from the shadows. He turned, slightly curious. His breath caught. A wolf, a enormous shadow wolf, was creeping up behind Tooth. The fairy had been racing around, and now she was leaning heavily on a picnic table, having spent too much energy. Tooth's wings were drooping, feathers ruffled. Tooth wouldn't be able to move quick enough if Jack were to warn her. And the wolf was getting close. Jack knew what he had to do. He had once told Bunny that he would protect his family, the Guardians.

The North Wind began to slip Jack from its grasp, allowing him to shoot downwards, toward Tooth. The wolf, so focused on its prey, did not hear the howling wind, figuring Jack was chasing nightmares. Tooth was exhausted and vulnerable, the perfect target. The wolf readied his crouch, then pounced with a snarl.*

Tooth turned suddenly, her eyes wide with fear at the snarl. The wolf loomed at her, jaws gaping, teeth long and cruel. Tooth knew there was no escape, it was already too late to run.

"_No!_"

Suddenly, Jack was there, shoving her away from the wolf. Tooth crashed a few feet away. The winter element's screams echoed in her ears, terror and pain blending together. But the instant her head turned upwards to stand, it was too late.

Jack was lying on the ground in the fetal position, his blue hoodie bloodied. The wolf, blood dripping from its jaws, stood triumphant over Jack. It turned, looking right at the horrified fairy. The wolf's plan may not have worked out the way it wanted to, but it had ended up alright for the wolf. Now for the feathery one.

Tooth suddenly burst forth with an angry cry, rage fueling her wings. The flitting wings cut through the wolf's sand body. The wolf gave one last howl as it dissipated. Tooth stopped flying and dropped. She knelt beside Jack, worry and fear evident in her eyes. Jack was silent, not even a moan escaping him. Tooth held Jack in her arms, hoping for a response. Despite the situation, she had to resist the urge to check his teeth, to major sure they weren't hurt.

"Oh! Jack! My sweet tooth, wake up! Come on! _Jack!"_ Tooth begged, sweeping Jack's snowy hair out of his closed eyes. The youngest Guardian was quiet, not even stirring. She forced herself to look at his wound.

The wolf's long fangs had trapped the immortal in its jaws. The saving grace was that the wolf had been surprised and dropped Jack. But it still had greatly wounded the frost child. The hoodie had cuts in it but she was not able to see much. But judging by the blood that

pooled, the wound was deep. He needed help.

Tooth looked up, hoping that North or Sandy or Bunny could come and help her. Tooth placed her hands above Jack's wound, unsure if pushing down would stop the bleeding or injure Jack further. Tooth called out to Bunny, hoping that he'd hear her over the battle sounds.

"Bunny!"

Tooth's voice rang out in desperation and fear. The nightmares were sure to catch on to her fear; in fact, some stray mares were wandering over. They weren't flying over purposefully, they wandered, knowing that their prey was helpless. Tooth couldn't fly, albeit a little, and Jack was catatonic.

Bunny, mid-battle, turned to the sound of Tooth's voice. His eyes were hard and cold from the battle but when they alighted upon Jack's limp form, lying in Tooth's arms, they melted in shock and worry for the young spirit. Bunny gave a final kick to his nightmare then shot past the remaining.

His boomerangs cut through the stray nightmares, not even giving them a moment to start. Bunny continued to run, his stride barely broken by him tossing his wooden weapons.* He skidded next to Jack, already assessing the injury. "What happened?" he demanded, hiding his shock.

Tooth looked up at Bunny, feathers ruffled more than usual. "I can't explain here! We have to get back to the Pole right now!"

Bunny nodded almost absentmindedly. "Right right. I'll get North--"

"Bunny! We need to go _now _use your tunnels!"

The Pooka jumped at Tooth's tone. She sounded reproachful, and impatient. Suddenly, a low moan came from the spirit in her arms. Tooth glanced down sharply, her impatient demeanor vanishing. Jack's eyes fluttered, half way opening. Tooth quickly held him closer, as Bunny tapped his foot to the ground.

"Alright, give em' here, Tooth," Bunny said, reaching out for Jack. Tooth hesitated as Jack gave a low moan. "Come on, he needs someplace safer than this," Bunny urged.

Tooth nodded reluctantly and Bunny knelt down, gathering Jack in his arms. The winter spirit curled inward toward Bunny, as if seeking comfort. His eyes had become closed again.

The Pooka shifted Jack then asked the fairy, "Are you coming?"

Tooth set her jaw. "No. I'm going to kick nightmares. They're not getting away with this. At least, not without a few bruises."

Bunny gave her a quick grin before sobering and leaping down in the tunnel. Tooth's wings flitted and soon lifted her up. Her energy was back with a vengeance.

Far away, in a castle made up of light, Mother Nature opened her

eyes. She could sense something was wrong. _Jack_. Her son was hurt. The powerful spirit looked up from her clasped hands. Tai, the snow leopard, was currently putting fur all over her couch. But he looked up at Mother Nature when she looked at him. Tai could feel it as well. Their frost child was injured, gravely if the ghost pain was anything to go by. Tai could not help the concerned twitch of his tail.

Mother Nature was not kind to those who hurt her children.

Oh, how they would pay.

* * *

><p>Will this be a new arc? Probably.

OH MY GOD GUYS. I am so sorry for being dead for a week! TCAPS. Anyone have those? Torture tests. I got trapped in Avenger fics. And I just had a laser thing(surgery?) I not sure what it was called. But it hurt like heck. D: Im forced to eat ice cream. :D

**request anything. **

Katyana out!

13. Give Faye Back!

This was it. The big reveal. Had Millie finally succumbed to the non-seriousness of the room?

"Put Faye down."

"No."

"Put her down!"

"I wanna hold her!"

"You've been holding her for an hour!"

"She's so fluffy!"

"...Acknowledged. Just give her back."

"No."

"Gimme my fox back!"

"No!"

"Put. The fox. Down."

"NO."

...Yeah she had.

Tooth and Millie had been arguing over the matter of Faye for almost twenty minutes. The little red fox's paws hadn't touched down since Tooth had picked her up and Faye seemed perfectly comfortable in the

feathery embrace. Millie felt bothered by it and, as Faye's companion, wanted her back. Millie loved Faye, but it was a tough love deal. Tooth loved everything Faye did, to the slighted yawn to the almost unnoticeable nose twitches that sent her in awws and coos over Faye. Naturally the fox stayed with Tooth.

North had lowered his swords, though he kept them within arm's reach. Tai was still glaring at him; those gray eyes were scary. Bunny had given Ben's door a wide berth, after the bear had peeked and scared the stuffing out of Bunny. Tooth had a full tooth palace mini going on, with her fairies flittering in. Jack and Sandy were talking avidly. If anyone had looked at them, they would've seen sand fish and tigers chasing one another in the air. Coincidentally, someone was looking in on them. And she chuckled.

Mille immediately stopped arguing with Tooth over her fox when she heard that sound. Jack started up, eyes on the figure in the doorway. The person was leaning on Milrose the deer, who looked both concerned and annoyed.

"Ah, my children. It's good to see you still can argue at a time like this," chuckled Mother Nature.

* * *

><p>Super short but its been a week and I just wanted to get this out. Random chapter name! :p

**Tai hates North. Can you guys guess why? if you do i will dedicate a chapter to you! Anyway, I will do a one shot on that sometime. Someone remind please? **

Also, anyone approve me writing all the season spirit's stories? Like Ben's and Rosana's and Millie's? I have stuff for them... Feedback?

Katyuana is out! :3

14. Snowflake Food

Ever wonder where the tradition of trying to eat snowflakes came from?

* * *

><p>Jack sat crouched on the fence in Jamie's yard. His blue eyes sparkled as he viewed his work; a picture perfect scene of a snow covered town.<p>

Jack had made a few rush trips to make it on time to play with Jamie. He knew that Sweden would call him up soon on the small dusting he'd given it, despite the fact that it'd asked specifically for a good snowstorm. But Jack knew that would take too long and besides, his snowflake supply was getting low. He has to make every design himself, everyone of them different. No too snowflakes were the same. It was a hard reputation to keep but he was proud of it.

Jamie's door opened and Jack's first believer jumped out. Jamie's eyes were wide in amazement at the snow. Then he saw Jack sitting on

his fence.

"Jack!" Jamie yelled, excited at seeing his winter friend. He raced over to the fence, almost tripping over himself in his excitement. His hat tipped over dangerously and threatened to fall off. Jamie managed to keep his hat on and soon stood under Jack's part of the fence.

"Hey, kiddo. How's it going?" Jack grinned. He loved being seen, it always gave him a thrill.

"I'm awesome! Can we have a snowball fight?" Jack smiled at Jamie's response. Jamie was rankled about the fact that, to date, no one had landed a hit on the professional snowball-fighter. The only one in the world, as Jack claimed.

Jack chuckled. "Sure, kid. But let me give this place a nice dusting, we need some good snow." Jack hopped off the fence, waving his staff. He called the winds, making them swirl, cooling down and crystallizing. Soon big fluffy flakes began to fall from the puffy clouds above.

Jamie watched the snowflakes as they fell around him joyfully. Then he opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue, trying to catch a snowflake.

"Whoa, Jamie. What're you doing?" Jack asked, puzzled. He thought he was the only one that ate snowflakes.

"Trying to catch snowflakes. They're hard to catch," Jamie said quickly, returning to walking around with his mouth open to catch the snow. He would be cross-eyed after this, the way his eyes felt right now.

Jack stared at Jamie in surprise. "I thought I was the only one who ate snowflakes. Are they yummy to you too?"

Jamie gave the winter spirit an odd glance. "Yummy? Uh I guess. They taste like water I think. Why? What do they taste like to you?"

"Like holly and peppermint and snowdrifts and evergreen leaves. Everything winter. Does that answer your question?" Jack answered honestly as possible. It was hard to say what snowflakes tasted like.

Jamie only looked confused. "You actually eat snowflakes for real? So they're like winter spirit food?"

"Um. Yeah?"

"Oh. Cool."

A moment of silence. Then Jack suddenly reveals a cache of snowballs and yells-

"SNOWBALL FIGHT!"

* * *

><p>Yay. First one with Jamie!

**Idea that popped in my head randomly. Wouldn't leave so I posted.
:D**

**hey have any of you seen the premier of Iron Man 3? So cool.
Totally suggest you see it.**

Guess what. I broke my toe. On a vacuum. Worst way to break something, it's not dramatic. Lol. And it HURTS. Does anyone have a secrecy remedy? Pinky toe, never realized how important that toe was until now. Pretty sure you all are tired of me talking about my pinky toe soo...

ANYWAY. any requests from you peeps? Review them!

Katyuna out! :3

15. One Could Put It That Way

**Hello everybody! Sorry I know I said a week but took so much longer. Really sorry about just got so distracted and almost forgot about y'all! Thanks to all you people who helped me out earlier with my cat and stuff. **

* * *

><p>Mother Nature smiled thinly at her remaining children. Her long pale hair fell limply around her shoulders and she was leaning heavily on her scepter. But a tiny smile graced her face. Milrose the deer stood protectively at Mother Nature's . The sand figures poofed into sand and Tooth's fairies stopped flirting around.<p>

Millie stood quickly and rushed over to her mother. Jack hobbles over and reaches out a hand to Mother Nature's face, as if in disbelief that she was there. She smiles kindly at him and grasps Jack's frozen hand. He gasps and bows his head in her sudden hug when she pulled him in. Mother Nature gestured for Millie to join, and the autumn girl wrapped her arms around her mother. The two immortals seem overcome with emotion as they crowd around her and sob.

And, as per usual, the Guardians were as lost as polar bears in the Sahara.

Millie and Jack retracted from the heartfelt moment. Millie sniffs and asks hesitantly but hopefully, "So you're not leaving? You get to stay?"

Mother Nature shook her head softly, that sad smile still there and still just as sad. "Oh Amelia, my child, my time had come. You are smart and you know this day had to come." Millie breaks down in fresh tears. Mother Nature gives her a long kiss on the forehead.

Mother Nature looks at Jack, placing her hand on his shoulder.. "Jackson, you are too young to have seen what will happen soon. Amelia, too, has not seen this but she knows. I have little time left. Take care, my son." Jack seems to know what she's talking about and looks heartbroken. Mother Nature sighs but her small smile remains.

At this point, the Guardians are confused past the point of no return. North breaks in, "Mother Nature, what iz wrong?"

Mother Nature looks slightly annoyed at the interruption. Then she saw Tooth the spring fairy and Bunny the summer rabbit looking ready to run at any moment to flee from her inevitable anger.

Then her eyes go _I'm-going-to-kill-you_. Bunny and Toothiana tense, waiting for the moment to run/fly. The two Elemental spirits behind her were too buried in emotion to notice the weird showdown. Everyone besides them wait for the Great Mother's rage, to feel the Wind whiplashing.

Then she laughs. And somehow that is almost worse.

Her laughter fades and she seems even more worn out. "Oh lovely. My two heat spirits are replaced by a bunny and a hummingbird. Well that simply won't do," Mother Nature said despondently. She waved her hand at them and the spirit magic leaves their bodies. The light flashes briefly and shines in the rooms behind. Tooth's new pascal colors and her bright, shimmering feather colors return. Bunny blinks, his eyes a spring green.

"I've brought them back. Both them awake and their powers. I know you want to help but that is not the way." she sighs, looking exhausted. "You have to-" Then she suddenly doubles over, gasping. The Guardians reel back, shocked as she falls forward on North. The big man seems at lost for what to do with the pained woman in his arms. He pats her back confusedly.

"Mother!" Millie and Jack reach out helplessly to her. Mother Nature writhes as she struggles to control the surge. Sandy offers a sand-ball for her before Millie slaps it out his hands, looking annoyed.

Mother Nature gives out one last gasp before sinking into North's arms. She opens her eyes, bright blue now dulled. "Stupid Fearlings..." she muttered, pushing herself so that she stood on her feet, albeit leaning enormously on North. "Sorry, Nick, for that. I _swear_, I will kill those Fearlings!" then she pauses as if thinking, or getting her breath back. "If I live that long."

"Hold up, hold up there!" Bunny held up his paw. "What does that mean, if you live that long? You're not..." He seems to lose his words, as the unthinkable thought crossed his mind. No way right, they were immortal, they could not...

"Dying?" Mother Nature gives him a wane smile. "One could put it that way, but... Yes." The Guardians gasp.

"I am dying."

* * *

><p>CLIFFHANGER! Lol I'm sorry but that had to be done. Also that's part of the big storyline.

Katyuna out! :3

16. Little Jack Frost

_Featuring Jamie _I think this also explains the animals the seasonals have. I know I didn't do a good job of explaining their purpose_ Anyways, this is dedicated to God of Spirits-Spirit Black. Thanks for getting me out of my writers' block! _

* * *

><p>Jamie's average day was pretty boring. Wake up early, get ready, hopefully catch the bus, survive school, then run home and finish his homework quickly.<p>

Then the _real _fun would begin. Sooner or later, Jack would tap his window with the crook of his staff, smiling mischievously. Jamie would discreetly open his window (his mother didn't like him opening it when it was so cold) and the winter spirit would duck in.

"What are you doing today, Jack?" Jamie asked, bouncing up and down. His brown hair had been getting longer and it flopped into his eyes as he jumped. The boy huffed and tucked over his ears.

Jack lounged on Jamie's bed, smirking at the kid's hair troubles. "Well, today was pretty busy so I can't stay long but I got time for a snowball fight," he mentioned. It was true, early December was the start of the no-sleep-for-months time. Winter all over the globe was counting on him. The Winter Prince wanted to spend sometime with Jamie before he got too busy.

"Well, before that, can I ask you something?" Jamie asked, surprising Jack. Usually, Jamie would jump at the chance to snowball fight.

"Uh, what?" Jack sat up, paying attention now. "Alright. Ask away."

"Well, you know how Bunny was really big and really cool before?"

"Yeah?"

"And then he got small and fluffy and really cute?"

Jack snorted at the memory. "Uh-huh."

"How come he did that?" Jamie wondered.

Jack took a moment to think about that. "I think it was because Pitch Black took away their believers and their source of power." He waited a second to make sure Jamie understood before continuing. "When they lost their source of power, well, they weren't as strong as before. They couldn't keep their forms? I'm pretty sure how that works."

"Like how Tooth couldn't fly?" Jamie was completely enamored with Jack's explanation.

"Yeah. Except Bunny got little and cute," Jack snickered.

Jamie was quiet a moment then he said, "Okay. I was curious."

"Good. Now let's snowball fight," Jack stood up with a commanding tone. He started towards the window.

"Wait, what about you, Jack?" Jamie grabbed onto Jack's hood to stop him. Jack almost back-flipped at the sudden stop in motion. Luckily, he landed on the bed back-first.

"Oops! Sorry!" Jamie chirped, looking down at the winter spirit.

Jack turned his head up to look at Jamie. His wide blue eyes were confused. "S'alright. What about me, though?" he asked.

"What happens when you lose your source? You didn't look any different during the Pitch Battle," Jamie relinquished his grip on Jack's hoodie and rubbed his hand against his shirt to warm it. His hand felt chilly like he had stuck it in a snowdrift without any gloves.

"Well I wasn't a guardian then," Jack chuckled nervously. He sat up and smoothed down his hoodie. "Plus, no believers. I didn't have a cool power for Pitch to take away."

That was true; Pitch couldn't wipe out entire species of animals. The sacred animals of the Seasonals were the source of their powers. Millie's power depended on red foxes, which was what Fai the little fox was. Benjy's power leaned on the bears' numbers, Bosco's kin. Rosana's was bird based, which was awesome, considering the sheer amount of birds in the world. Jack had a rarer animal, the snow leopards. Mother Nature could never figure out why though; but in light of last Easter, she could see that Jack was destined to at some point become a guardian, with believers and all that nonsense. Despite how much she loathed the Guardians, she now entrusted her son to them and was more than ready to withdraw him if any foul play arised. With the snow leopards' fewer numbers, however, Jack's power had always been a little dimmed down. But he was still pretty powerful and Mother Nature could only imagine what the Winter Prince could do with believers. Just having some in one little town wasn't enough to make a complete difference. Mother Nature was working on helping him branch out, and the kids in Burgess were telling others about Jack Frost.

Jamie's voice brought Jack back into reality.

"What are you talking about? You do have cool powers! You freeze stuff and bring winter and do awesome snowball fights!" Jamie protested, waving his arms around for emphasis.

"Unfortunately, Pitch doesn't want my awesome snowball fighting skills," the Winter spirit laughed. "And the seasonals don't have any believers. We have different powers." Jack chuckled.

"What kinds of powers?" the brown-eyed asked in awe.

"Uh, it sorta depends. Like with me, I have powers of cold. Benjy, well, he's my complete opposite so I bet you can guess what powers he has," the Winter spirit provided.

"So what happens when you lose your powers? Like with Bunny, would you turn small?" Jamie stopped and starting giggling at the thought of Jack Frost being a little toddler.

"Hey!" Jack huffed impertinently.

"So, would ya? Be all small and cute too?"

"For your information, I am not small or cute," Jack stated, crossing his arms.

"But would you?" Jamie pressed.

Jack glanced away, looking uncomfortable. His hands started nervously twitching. "... yes," he mumbled softly.

"What?"

"I said, yes. I would be." His staff made a few embarrassed taps on the carpet on the floor, making frost freeze the fuzzy strands.

Jamie stared at Jack for a full minute before giggling. Then it progressed to outright laughing and very soon, Jamie was rolling around on his bed, laughing.

His mother opened the door, hearing her son laughing loudly. "Jamie, are you alright?" she asked. He waved at her, still laughing. Jamie managed to make an excuse about a 'funny story at school that he just remembered. His mother nodded then shivered. "Close your window!" was her parting remark as she left.

Jack had a mortified look on his face. "It's not that funny!" he huffed, pulling his hood up to hide.

"You'd- You'd be a little kid! You'd be just like Sophie!" Jamie gasped, his laughter not abating.

"No!" Jack denied, although he supposed he would be around the same age.

"Yeah!"

"No!"

"Yeah, you would!"

"I-I have to go, work and all that," Jack hurriedly made an excuse and catapulted out the window and to relative safety.

Jamie thought that this was one of the best Jack-days he'd ever had. And he made sure to tease him about his newfound knowledge often.

* * *

><p>Haha. Sorry to the person who requested it for the long wait but I managed it! Yay!

_Reveiw your thought and any requests you may have.
Thanks!_

Katyuana Out! :3

17. Burr the Autumn

Wrote on the spur of the moment?

* * *

><p>The Many Trials of Having Absolutely No Control Over Your Ice Powers!

When Jack was first reborn, the ice powers were relatively easy to control they just did what he asked and everything worked out. The pond's broken ice shards mended, he made lovely patterns of frost and the wind was happy to carry him everywhere. They were a natural extension of him and he had no problem with them going along with his every thought and emotion that struck his fancy.

Then, when he didn't really want to frost all of Rosie's newly painted spring flowers, he had some trouble reining them in. The frost spread from where he stood, outward from his frozen toes and over the delicate stems, petals and the unfortunate flowers that were anywhere close to him were covered in a lovely pattern that made them wilt. The wind had great fun going through the entire flower batch and tugging petals and sometimes entire flowers out of the ground.

Luckily, Rosie was completely understanding as to why her entire batch of flowers were frosted over and/or tugged out of the ground. She gently explained that this was normal and maybe he should stay in the autumn or winter bits of the palace? And he was therefore banned from flower-watching until he figured out his powers.

And thank the stars, the current Autumn spirit, called Burr, was much more experienced in the matters of wintry powers and the difficulty of reining them in. Burr was a kind man, who had a special way of coloring the leaves the most beautiful mixes of gold and red. The cooling sun's golden rays made the trees' leaves seem to glow and Jack was very much in awe of Burr's painting abilities. The leaves were extraordinarily fun to make into piles and were crunchy when you stepped on them.

Burr knew that Jack was still so new to everything. He took everything very slowly. The dark-skinned man had this way of speaking that Jack loved. Burr's voice was very rich and deep, despite the sometimes halting words. He supposed he compared it to a father's voice. He wasn't going to lie, he looked up to Burr greatly. When Burr found out Jack wasn't very good at reading, he instantly began to teach the mischeivous winter spirit. Jack was captivated by the stories Burr wove. The winter spirit could spend hours upon hours listening to the intricate stories Burr told him. Inspired by the worlds bound in paper, he dove into reading and learning. Many schools had a freeze going around for much of the school year, as Jack watched the classes and listened to the knowledge. He flew everywhere and used the wind to gently push pages of many books in libraries. The wind was very happy to help, seeing as they got a stern speaking-to by the Autumn spirit. The Wind was child-like in many ways and was properly chastened by Burr.

The winter powers, Burr told him, were a bit more rebellious. "They do not like being told what not to do. A bit like you, I think?" Burr had remarked cheekily once, causing Jack to protest and spark a massive snowball fight.

After a few weeks of the frost going everywhere, Jack was getting despondent. "I don't think it's working, Burr," Jack had said sadly.

Burr made a noise of discontent. "Jack! Do not give up! They are little powers, they do not understand yet. They are like little kids, being told they can't have something." When Jack still looked like he was about to give up, he sighed heavily. "Let me tell you something. My powers, do you understand what they do?"

Jack frowned, thinking. Burr's powers? Was it painting? Surely it had to be a power, painting all those leaves.

Burr chuckled fondly. "No, Jack, it is not painting. Tis my natural gift." He nodded when the pale boy looked surprised. "Yes, it is true. My power, it is to bring the summer to end. The summer, warm and crazy, yes? I make it sleepy and slow. The chill in the air, I bring it to the world with my Wind. I paint the leaves so the trees do not die. I tell the animals, 'Time to sleep! Go, sleep!' And then, you have the blankets of snow! The world, it needs rest after the summer's play. We all connect, no matter the differences."

Jack nodded, looking awed. He hadn't really thought about what the other seasonals did. The world needed them for balance. "But... why are you telling me? I mean, it's really interesting!" He backtracked.

Burr made a deep laugh that came from his belly. "When I was young, I had no control over my powers. Animals, they took very long naps when I came 'round, even in spring. The leaves were floppy and not crunchy leaves. My Wind, I bring chill too early. And I had to grow into my powers, just like you will."

"You? You didn't have any control either?" Jack looked confused, trying to picture the graceful Autumn spirit as an impatient little spirit. "So... It just takes time? How long?"

Burr nodded. "Yes, it takes time. You must mature and so will your powers. But!" He suddenly said, pointed a finger at Jack. "Do not forget what you really are. And you, Jack, are my mischievous Winter Prince. Do not forget, yes?"

Jack grinned, already bouncing up. "I won't!" He swore.

"Good! Now, we take a break!" Burr grinned back together they flew, the winds dancing playing around them. The ever-present fallen leaves that accompanied Burr swirled around with the tiny snowflakes that came in Jack's wake. They played like kids again in the snowy autumn-ish wonderland. Burr was not bothered by the frost and enjoyed making drawings in it. Jack enjoyed jumping into leaf piles. That meant a bunch of frozen solid leaves were left around. Burr laughed it off and they continued on for hours.

It took a long time, before he had his powers completely under

control. Oh sure, the Wind was absolutely on his side after a good chat. Burr told him that the Winds were sentient and that when they acted up, it was usually because they got bored and needed stimuli. The North Wind that stayed with Jack had a motherly attitude toward him and coddled him more often than not. The Wind disapproved of his dangerous stunts, most of the time. The Wind was better compared to a worrisome mother who saw how much her son loved his stunts and encouraged him but still worried. She stayed with him for fear that if she didn't, some irresponsible hooligan Wind was going to come along and get him killed in some stunt. Jack wondered if that was possible (to get a new Wind) but he learned from Burr never to question a woman's logic, never ever. The North Wind counted as a woman, he thought.

The frost that spread wherever he touched was harder. When Burr compared it to two-year olds being denied their fun, Jack hoped that the ice would eventually see sense. Unfortunately, despite Burr telling him he was doing very well and that he must be good with children, he felt like the frost just wouldn't listen. It was ridiculous to him. The ice was part of him, his very being and they were out of control. Jack couldn't control himself and he feared if he would hurt anyone. Burr never minded the ice that crawled up his arms and legs. But a human?

Jack finally spoke his fears to Burr, who listened patiently. He nodded and hummed. He placed his hands on Jack's spindly shoulders, ignoring the creeping ice on his finger tips. "Jack, this is nothing. It is just a blip. You are doing amazingly. This will pass. I am so proud of you." Burr folded the frozen teen into a chilly hug.

Jack hugged back gratefully. "Th- thanks, Burr," he stuttered. He was unused to contact, despite all the touches he'd exchanged with the seasonals. Burr explained it as the winter usually being predominantly lonely. Autumn was just about the same. They shared the pain that touched their souls. They would always crave contact and acknowledgment but the chill that accompanied them would keep them away.

It took a long while. The milestones were small; little victories that made the entire thing worthwhile. The frost that spread wherever Jack stood eventually receded, thank the stars. They appeared only when he wanted them to or he had an extreme emotion. Jack was happy to be back helping Rosana with her flower painting.

Burr, when he told him, cheered loudly and spun Jack around. They had a little wintery party, with leaves of ice traced in the ground frost and painted with gold and red and many seasonal delicacies for each of them. All the ice around them glittered with colors and the paper-thin icicles hung precariously yet so pretty, in shapes of snowflakes and leaves. It was completely over the top but Burr was absolutely ecstatic over Jack's success that he just went along with it.

Burr told him so many stories that night that Jack's head spun. And the very last story connected them all in one beautiful ending. He sat awed for a moment before he clapped and cheered at Burr's amazing storytelling and the graceful autumn spirit blushed in happiness. The time flew by, minutes melting into hours that filled the air with laughter; the night never seemed to end. They almost didn't want it to end. They laughed and talked, of everything and anything under the

sun. They even spoke of things not under the sun. Of magic and myths.

Burr and Jack, the eternal duo. They were partners in crime (whenever Burr could be persuaded), they were metaphorical father and son (Burr had on occasion, called Jack his flesh and blood), and they were the best of friends.

Many, many years later, when he read the _Harry Potter_ books, he swore that the memories of that extravagant night could create a Patronus all by itself.

* * *

><p>Yeah! I did it! Oh my god I did it! I didn't think I could and I am so sorry to anyone who's been waiting on me forever. I just.. I got no motivation but this! I got it! Yes! Whoo! I am so happy! Heck yeah! :D the ending is meh but I did it!**

** Burr is the previous Autumn spirit, before Millie. I thought of the position of a seasonal spirit being like a throne, the legacy being passed on to the new generation. No worries guys, he didn't die. I love him now, he's not going anywhere. Originally but now he's on here so no dying here.**

Also, yes, his name is Burr, like _Brrr! It's cold out! _He's immortalized in human culture in his own way. Clever of me, yay.

R&R!

18. Mini-Jack

Well, I guess more's on the way? I've had two requests for Toddler!Jack so I concocted something for you guys. Hope you like :)

* * *

><p>There was a tiny little cottage in the one of the coldest places in the world. Russia's freezing temperatures and largely sporadic populations made for a perfect little hiding place of magic. In the frozen wastelands, barely an animal went into the property lines and not a single human to date crossed over. The property lines were of a certain little spirit's own special design, with repelling humans wards and layering of heating charms, warming the property appropriately.<p>

Mana the magic spirit. Rarely seen, sort of a recluse, the tiny girl spirit embodied the magical essence of the world. She was also a known inventor. The small cottage that housed her was blackened with magical explosion residue. The lab was filled with magic experiments, highly dangerous and often set off by tiny mistakes. That meant there was an actual reason she was so reclusive: _so that no one died._ Once, she lost half the cottage when the portal magic she was tinkering with backfired, sending the cottage's living room into orbit. She had to rescue vases and couches from the atmosphere before they turned into meteorites.

Portal magic was the hardest to master, along with a few other things, several of which were on hold in her lab. But the location of the portal magics was giving her trouble today, along with gender potions' technicalities, age reducer's memory glitch and life reviver' time limits. Just some examples of what she was working on currently.

Of course, the tiny cottage was warded against humans' inference and was located in a extremely frozen wasteland that no one in their right mind would ever think of going. The cottage had a magic protection bubble, where her foreign greenery flourished and some very, _very_ lost animals sought refugee. It was a nice temperature, meaning she didn't die of extreme hypothermia. She most certainly didn't expect a wayward winter spirit to come across her little home lab. There were some clues that keyed into this discovery.

First clue: the alert wards echoed a wavelength. Of course, it wasn't audible (some of the magical experiments were sound activated) but Mana was keyed into them so she 'heard' them all the same.

Second clue: the loud shouting noises that signaled someone had got stuck on her magic traps and was pissed about it, and the braying of fearful animals that probably didn't know what was going on and what was all this sound? This also meant the sound activated experiments went off and exploded by themselves. The shields around them kept the damages to a minimum, meaning Mana had to replace the tables and reliant the walls (_again_). One made an interesting fire show before withering away. Another just melted and sank into the table. Mana poked the table curiously, and when it tried to eat her, promptly vanished it. This done, she could now see what was it that made such a fuss outside. She went to the high frosted glass window, and with a slight tap, cleared the glass and peered out curiously.

Third clue: Mana was confronted with the sight of the wiggling too-pale teenager that was trapped waist-deep in a quicksand pit. He was flailing his upper body, shouting all the while. Frost was exploding rather violently around him and the crooked staff was upside down and freezing the quicksand.

Mana blinked. "What the stars?" she asked herself confusedly. She hopped off the stool (the window was high up you know!) and skipped outside. She shooed the terrified ram and the large cow away from the quicksand pit and looked curiously at the teen, who was sinking up to his lower torso.

"Who in Mother's green earth are you?"

* * *

><p>"Hey, little girl! Help me out!"<p>

Jack had found a cottage in the dead of the coldest country he knew of and was understandably confused by it's presence. Flying over, he just about crashed into some giant bubbly thing. He had been baffled by the bubble and tried forced his way inside(Wasn't that just the most brilliant idea you've ever heard of? Find a little house with wards around it and what do you do? Force your way inside of course!) Of course, unbeknownst to him, he activated the alert wards and the trapping wards and suddenly gravity attacked him, pulling him to a mysterious pit. The Wind had flipped out and tried to tug him away

from the bubble but to no avail. This led him to his problem; about to drown in the quicksand. Not that he knew what it was, he'd never been to a jungle or quicksand-y places. The large animals around him had not helped in the least.

This all led to the odd situation he was in currently. And the mysterious girl in front of him. She had on a pale purple dress with socks and slippers. Her long dark hair was pulled up into a bun with red pins holding it up. A cream apron was around her torso and she had on a pair of white gloves. Around her waist was a belt with little sparkling vials, filled with oddly colored liquids. All in all, she didn't look any older than twelve. How did she end up in _this_ place? Who was she?

She gave him an unimpressed look. "Calm down that frost stuff, you vampire," she demanded first. It was odd insult but Jack was so pale he could probably pass for a vampire.

Jack finally took note of the frost trying to extract him from the pit. It wasn't helping in the least, only making him more stuck. He dragged up Burr's calming methods to the forefront of his mind. Swirly leaves, soothing colors. Breathing is important. He breathed in and out, forcibly pulling the frost under his control. The mini frozen explosions subsided and stopped and he looked up expectantly at the small girl. "Help me out now?"

"No. Who are you and how on Mother's earth did you get here?" She stubbornly crossed her arms and pushed her bottom lip out in a attempt at intimidating Jack. It didn't work.

The odd 'curses' she used were sort of familiar. They were common among the older spirits and the ones who had more omniscient aspects. "Are you a spirit?" Jack questioned. The quicksand crawled up his ribs. He squirmed uncomfortably.

The girl's eyes narrowed. "Are _you_?" she countered.

Jack groaned. "Yeah, this is getting no where fast. I'm Jack Frost, winter spirit. Can you help me out?"

She looked at him, then nodded slowly. "Mana, magic spirit. Hold my hand." She tugged her body into an older age, perhaps around mid-twenties for better strength and reaching, and held out her hand for Jack to take. Luckily, her clothes enlarged to fit her body in it's older form. There may have been trouble if not.

Jack gaped at her seamless age progression. He shook his head (it was magic, _obviously_) and reached out his own hand. Grasping the now young woman's hand, he tried to pull himself up and out.

Mana extended a tendril of magic through their joined hands and freed Jack's body from the clingy magic trap. Jack slipped out easily enough, to his surprise.

"There. Leave now please. I've got some very delicate experiments," she said curtly and made a shooing motion to the edges of her home, where the green grass ended at the lines of snowy wasteland. She turned away and walked close to the edge.

"Bu- My staff!" He pointed accusingly at the staff, as if it was the

bane of his life. Of course, it wasn't doing anything but sinking into the pit. He grasped the staff and pulled, ****hard****.

Once Mana realized he was not following, she turned back, only to see him trying to pull out his staff. "No, stop, I'll get-" She quickly tried to stop him as she reached out.

Too late.

The errant magic that made up the pit suddenly let go, and Jack yelped as he toppled over, the staff swinging out of control. It hit the colorful vials on Mana's belt, bursting one of them. The shimmery liquid exploded, the sudden air exposure causing a unexpected and very unwanted reaction. It splashed over the winter spirit's face and torso. He looked confused at the sudden wetness.

"Oh no," Mana squeaked, the potion sinking into Jack's skin, and some through his thin clothes. "Oh, dear." She knew what the potion's effect was and she did not want to deal with this.

"Wha.." He started, then the aging potion took effect. He collapsed and seemingly vanished and his clothes made a small pile on the grass. Of course, he didn't actually vanish. That was too good to be true. The staff fell to the ground.

Mana cursed high heavens for a good five minutes. The pile made noises and the more she looked at it the more she really didn't want to deal with it. She took a deep breath and hesitantly knelt by the pile. A whining sound came from it.

She lifted up the cloak with the tips of her fingers. "Oh, oh dear," Mana muttered to herself. The aging potion had done it's job. Oh, how she wished it was reversible! But it was a wearing off potion! She hadn't got the counter ready yet!

A mini-Jack Frost peered up at her curiously from under the ratty cloak. He warbled in baby language, stretching tiny pale hands at her. He looked about around his first birthday and Mana really did not want to pick him up. She was awful with kids.

"Oh, great. Dear stars, I did not want to deal with this," Mana groaned. She flipped the cloak over so mini-Jack would see be able to see.

The baby Jack cooed up at her. His hands were still up, trying to signal Mana to pick him up. Frost spread sporadically around him, circling randomly.

"No, don't. Stop with the baby face. I told you not to touch, I didn't say that for fun, you know this is your fault," she informed the baby on the ground.

Jack put his little hands on the ground and stared at her, bottom lip trembling.

"No! I don't- stop, oh, good Heavens above and Mother's Earth below, why me?" Mana bemoaned to herself, as she cursed her current age. She must look like Jack's mother or something. Oh Stars! Jack'd better not imprint on her!

Jack opened his tiny mouth and let out a loud wail. He flailed his small arms.

Mana winced as the baby's screech activated some of her experiments and her cottage caught on fire. Magical fire. Great.

"No... Stop... Ah, this is bad."

She knelt in front of mini-Jack, who was wailing his lungs out, it sounded like a dying whale! Mana wrapped him hesitantly in the cloak and he wiggled, wailing louder. Mana cringed from the piercing sound.

"Shh... Shhh..." she tried to soothe him. She stood up and rocked him close to her chest, spreading calming magic over him. Hopefully, that'd work.

Meanwhile, her home was still on fire. It was spreading too.

"Ah, please shut up so I can have my home please," Mana pleaded with the child. The baby calmed enough that Mana could hear her own thoughts. She sighed gratefully and continued rocking him. She swayed her body and hummed a odd melody. She wasn't sure what it was, but mini-Jack seemed to like it. He was sorta quiet already.

Mana continued humming as she wandered over to clothes' pile. Jack seemed to be half-awake and she honestly had no idea what to do with a baby. Especially with her home on fire. Let's not forget that.

Mana rustled through the pile, hoping to find at least something to clue her into Jack's house or a friend, something! She came across a little note on the back of Jack's shirt, thank the heavens.

Autumn spirit, Burr

That probably just meant he made Jack's shirt(he was a lovely weaver, Mana heard) but it was better than nothing. She had a person and by Mother, they were going to deal with this not her. Her home was still on fire._
>

"Okay, snowflake, we're getting you to Burr and then you'll be out of my hair and I can save my home when I get back, alrighty?" she murmured to the sleepy baby, pausing in her humming briefly before continuing.

Mini-Jack made a sleepy noise. Mana bounced him lightly and lowered the amount of calming magic.

"Yes, we are going now and you will never see me again if you know what's good for you," Mana said pleasantly. She folded up his clothes, draped it over her arm along with his staff and prepared the mode of transportation. Mana didn't want to lose a baby on the way, not when he was the reason for the mess she was in.

Opening the wards' door, Mana teleported herself out, holding onto baby Jack tightly. She summoned the Autumn spirit's home's image to her and stepped out onto the leaf dappled ground. She looked around

for a quick check, that, yes indeed this was the proper place. Burr had redesigned it, it seemed. The ground looked swept, instead of leaf piles everywhere and the trees were still strong and leafy with golden colors. The bridge leading up to the house was cobblestone, lovely. The house was modest enough, considering. A nice neutral color, a soft pale green. The sun? Warm, but not summery. A bit cloudy though and a breeze made her shiver briefly. She tucked Jack's cloak tighter around his small body, and moved the very cold staff away from her body.

Mana looked up at the house, feeling a presence inside. Nodding to herself, she stepped up the door and knocked loudly. She put up a small sound shield around baby Jack first, to keep him from waking. She dropped it once she felt the presence near the door.

The door opened and the Autumn spirit stood there, his dark hair disheveled. "Hello?" He looked confused as to who Mana was. Obvious, hardly any one saw her. Then the staff that belonged to Jack seemed to register in his mind, if the alarmed expression was anything to go by.

She was still miffed by his obliviousness. "Mana, magic spirit," she introduced herself imperiously. "Is this yours?" She took the Mini-Jack Bundle off her shoulder (where he had been drooling earlier) and held him out to Burr.

That probably wasn't the best way to tell Burr his friend was now one years old but Mana honestly didn't care.

Burr blinked at the baby in his face. Mini-Jack chose this time to wake up grumpily and opened crystal blue eyes at Burr accusingly.

The older spirit gaped and his brown eyes widened. "Ja-Jack?" He reached up haltingly.

Mana groaned out loud. Her house was probably burnt to cinders by now. "Yeah, it's him. Here." She pushed Jack into Burr's arms. "And take this." She unloaded Jack's clothes and staff on the bewilderedly shocked Burr.

"Wha-what happened to him?" Burr asked in absolute shock. Jack had found distraction in Burr's hair, which he was freezing and unfreezing to his complete delight.

"Him being stupid and not listening to me," Mana grumbled. "He hit one of my potions and it's going to take a few days before it wears off. Now if you'll excuse me, I'd like to have a house by the end of the day."

"Days?" Burr questioned in alarm.

But Mana was already gone.

Burr looked down at the gurgling Baby Jack, who had frozen half his hair at this point. "What on earth did you _do_?"

Mini-Jack giggled at him.

* * *

><p>Well, part on it looks like! I'll see what sort of response this gets and I'll go on, alright?

****Mana means something. Dunno what, but magic seems to be it to my weird mind.****

****also, I am incapable of putting swears in this. Sorry.****

****another thing! Mana is not a big character I just need a reason Jack was mini. Originally, Jack would get on the wrong side of North's snowballs but I changed it to this. Hope you like.****

****Okay, R&R, my lovelies!****

****EDIT-I am looking for beta. I have so many typos. ****

End
file.